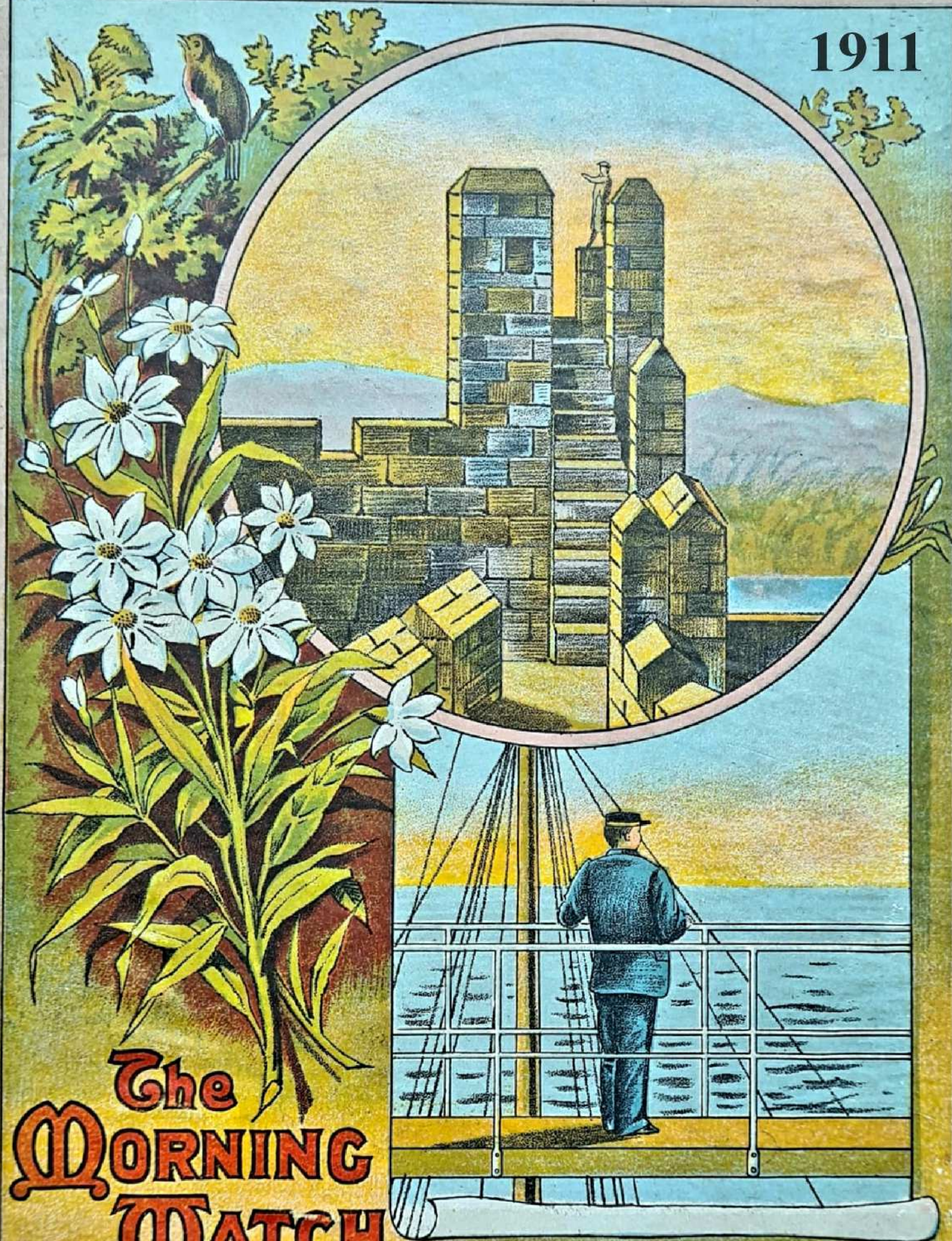


1911



The MORNING WATCH.

EDITED BY
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.
GREENOCK.

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EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO. LTD.
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The Morning Watch.

Edited by the Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

1911.

Volume 24.

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Contents.

Illustrations—

REASONS FOR NOT GOING TO CHURCH: 13TH SERIES.

	Page
1.—Collection for Foreign Missions to be taken, - - - - -	11
2.—The Fur Importer's Wife's Reason, - - - - -	23
3.—"Not Value for the Money it Costs," - - - - -	35
4.—"There's that Census Paper to fill in," - - - - -	47
5.—"A Tea made from Samples," - - - - -	59
6.—"Was asked to carry some Sabbath School Forms," - - - - -	71
7.—"The Minister's Children quite too Familiar," - - - - -	83
8.—"Other People got Coloured Postcards," - - - - -	95
9.—"So many Hypocrites in Church," - - - - -	107
10.—"The Seat not Dusted," - - - - -	119
11.—"Refused a Small Loan," - - - - -	131
12.—"Doesn't Know Anybody," - - - - -	143

	Page		Page
Acorns and Hips, - - - - -	125	"Please give Johnnie a lift," - - - - -	32
Brooch, A - - - - -	14	Ploughman, - - - - -	31
Cats, - - - - -	116	Railway Mail Van, - - - - -	18
Census, In time for the - - - - -	37	Retreat, Beating a - - - - -	81
Coronation Rehearsal, - - - - -	61	Sandbuilding, - - - - -	73
Coronation, Too late for the - - - - -	85	Sheep, - - - - -	44
Cresset, The - - - - -	6	Snow Scene, - - - - -	137
Daisies, - - - - -	90	Snowdrops, - - - - -	19
Deck Shelter, - - - - -	101	Starting for the Cattle Show, - - - - -	65
Frolic, A November, - - - - -	121	Tail Piece, - - - - -	114
Gathering Daisies, - - - - -	92	Tea-party, - - - - -	141
Golfer, A - - - - -	143	Telegraph Wires, - - - - -	25
Goose, - - - - -	133	Tent, Children's - - - - -	105
"I like Salt," - - - - -	49	Tyndale, William - - - - -	43
Ingathering, Feast of - - - - -	109	Wade, Their first - - - - -	69
Lightning Storm, - - - - -	97	Washing-day, - - - - -	113
Monkey Puzzle Tree, - - - - -	78	Water-barrel, - - - - -	129
My Grannie! - - - - -	13	Wood Shed, - - - - -	139
Nest in Pea-stakes, - - - - -	54	Wrecker, The - - - - -	8
Pillar Letter Box, - - - - -	20	"Yer Faither's Fou," - - - - -	56
Playing at Politicians, - - - - -	1		

Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from Volume 23.)

	Page		Page
28th Birthday, - - -	3	38th " - - -	75, 87
29th " - - -	4, 15	39th " - - -	76, 87
30th " - - -	16, 27	40th " - - -	76, 87, 98, 110
31st " - - -	28	41st " - - -	111
32nd " - - -	38	42nd " - - -	111, 123
33rd " - - -	39, 51	43rd " - - -	112, 123
34th " - - -	52	44th " - - -	123
35th " - - -	52, 63	45th " - - -	124, 135
36th " - - -	64	46th " - - -	135
37th " - - -	64, 75	47th " - - -	136

Stories.

	Page		Page
" Broken Lights of Thee," - - -	126	Milk-boy, The Little - - -	57
Burdensome Sweet Pea, The - - -	93	Misjudged, - - -	100
Cambridge Scholar, A - - -	33	Monkey-puzzle, The - - -	77
Captain's Wife, The - - -	21	Nestless Trees, The - - -	53
Challenge Cup, The - - -	64	Ploughman, The - - -	28
Daft Bell, - - -	40	Shamgar and Cyrus, - - -	115
Daisies, The - - -	89	Simple Life, The - - -	104

	Page		Page
Birthday Party, - - -	138	Pounds, Not Dollars, - - -	50
Census Day, - - -	38	Shark's Evidence, A - - -	130
Coronation Invitations, - - -	74	Shovel, Sir C. - - -	7
Cresset, A - - -	5	Snowdrop Rhymes, - - -	19
Crowns, - - -	62, 82	Stranger, Thy - - -	86
Dog, Colonel Gordon's - - -	70	Strike, The Railway - - -	98
" Dread God," - - -	14	Tertius, - - -	45
Edison, Stories of - - -	26, 50	" There's Nobody to Do it," - - -	110
Father, A Drunken - - -	55	Travelling Post-Office, - - -	17
" Getting," - - -	114	Tyndale, William - - -	42
" Josiah by Name," - - -	122	" Unicus Anser Erat," - - -	134
Missionaries Needed, - - -	2	Voting for One's self, - - -	9

Short Sayings, Incidents, etc.. Illustrative of Texts

will be found on pages 12, 24, 36, 48, 60, 72, 84, 96, 108, 120, 132, 144.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXIV.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. I.



She : " Now, Charlie, you may throw clean snow, but no mud, please ! "

*He : " But don't you know that Harry and I are playing at being
Politicians ? "*

She : " Oh but I am not ! "

Now Ready. "THE MORNING WATCH" for 1910, Vol. XXIII. Price, One Shilling.

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1st January, 1911.

A HUNDRED years ago to-day, Henry Martyn, Senior Wrangler of his year at Cambridge and one of the great Missionaries of last century, wrote these words in his Journal:

"I now pass from India to Arabia, not knowing the things which shall befall me there, but assured that an ever faithful God and Saviour will be with me in all places whithersoever I go. May He guide me and protect me, and after prospering me in the thing whereunto I go, bring me back again to my delightful work in India. I am perhaps leaving it to see it no more—but the will of God be done; my times are in His hand, and He will cut them short as shall be most for my good. With this assurance, I feel that nothing need interrupt my work or my peace."

When Henry Martyn wrote these words he was setting sail, in broken health, from Calcutta for England by way of Bombay and Persia. Staying in this latter country till he

had revised a Persian translation of the New Testament, he set out on a long 1,500 miles' ride for Constantinople, but died of fever and ague at Tocat in Turkey in Asia, October, 1812, in his thirty-second year.

Almost the last thing he did in Calcutta was to publish an Appeal for Bibles for the people of India. His last text in that great city was—*"But one thing is needful."*

That dying Appeal of his remains in measure unanswered, unheeded, to this hour.

Missionaries are telling us every day by letter and by word of mouth that everything in the Foreign Field is crying out, "Go forward," "Go in and possess the land." But every one at home is saying, "Retrench," "Withdraw," "We have no funds."

We have funds for everything else; funds for luxuries and sin and folly, funds for our games, funds for pensions for the idle and unthrifty, funds for needless Royal Tours, funds for more Dreadnoughts which strangely belie their name and leave us panic-stricken. But no funds for Christ's Cause and Christ's Crown.

We have had a year of politics, and have seen what carefulness it wrought in men, yea, what fear, yea, what vehement desire, yea, what zeal, yea, what revenge! ay, what bills and posters, what overflowing meetings, what twists and turns and masterly retreats, what cheers and counter-cheers, what family feuds and unregretted breaking up of friendships! But in the cause of Missions, what coldness, deadness, lukewarmness!

And as with our sons, so, too, with many of our daughters. "Out here in Persia," writes a lady doctor, who has charge of a hospital, "there never has been such an opportunity as at the present moment. Yet much as we entreat the Lord of the harvest to send forth more labourers, the Lord's servants at home turn a deaf ear to His call and our pleading. Even as I write this, an English mail has come in telling me definitely that no nurse can be sent to Ispahan this year, and that we must restrict our outlay."

And in these same days we find women by the hundred, well-born, bonnie, tender-hearted, full of wit and humour, "sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair," in labours most abundant, in prisons frequent, in journeyings often, in perils in the City, in perils in the sea, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, esteeming it a glory to be buffeted even for their faults, and suffering the loss of things that many wise women hold dearest, that they may win—WHAT?

Concerning Birthdays.

So teach us to number our days, that we may get us an heart of wisdom.—Psalm 90, 12.

(Continued from Volume 23; begun January 1909.)

This year, if all is well, I purpose to go on telling you some things that have been said or done by people on their birthdays, or said or done by others on their behalf.

28th
Birth-
day.

Dr Henry Alford, 1810-1871, Dean of Canterbury, scholar and commentator, wrote in his Diary on his 28th birthday, Oct. 7, 1838: "I must record my thankfulness at having been preserved to enter my twenty-ninth year."

"Monday morning, Dec. 14, 1863. I am twenty-eight years old. The melancholy day is over! I stood it as well as I could, but it depressed me of course, and I feel a little exhausted after it this morning." So wrote Phillips Brooks, one of the greatest of American preachers, to his brother.

The year after, writing from Philadelphia, he says: "I am twenty-nine years old to-morrow, just think of it! How we are getting along. Well, there are very few fellows who get to be as old as we are and have such a good time generally all the way along. We had a nice time before we went to school, a nice time at school, and a nice time since we left. Let us hope the rest of our time, till we are fifty-eight and sixty, will go as smoothly as the past, and then we can say Good-by to the world as to a very kind old friend."

29th
Birth-
day.

In his play *The Foresters* Tennyson makes Maid Marian say to her father Sir Richard Lea—

“Is not to-day Robin Hood’s birthday?”

Sir Richard. “Dost thou love him indeed, that thou keepest a record of his birthdays? Thou knowest that the Sheriff of Nottingham loves thee.”

Marian. “The Sheriff dare to love me? me who worship Robin the great Earl of Huntingdon? I love him as a damsel of her day might have loved Harold the Saxon, or Hereward the Wake. They both fought against the tyranny of the Kings. But then your Sheriff, your little man, if he dare to fight at all, would fight for his rents, his leases, his houses, his monies, his oxen, his dinners, himself. Now your great man, your Robin, fights not for himself but for the people of England. This Norman tyranny is bearing us all down, and our little Sheriff will ever swim with the stream! but our great man, our Robin, against it”

After the birthday banquet, when Robin prays that she may be guarded safe from wicked Prince John, she says:

“Cloud not thy birthday with one fear for me.
My lord, myself and my good father pray
Thy thirtieth summer may be thirty-fold
As happy as any of those that went before.”

* * * *

Robin. “This ring my mother gave me: it was her own Betrothal ring. She prayed me when I loved A maid with all my heart to pass it down A finger of that hand which should be mine Thereafter. Will you have it? Will you wear it?”

Marian. “Ay, noble Earl, and never part with it.”

Unhappily Sir Richard’s land is all mortgaged, and that explains the words with which the next Scene opens.

Robin. “All gone!—my ring—I am happy—should be happy. She took my ring. I trust she loves me—yet I heard this Sheriff tell her he would pay The mortgage if she favoured him. I fear Not her, the father’s power upon her.

Friends, (*to his men*)

I am only merry for an hour or two
Upon a birthday: if this life of ours
Be a good glad thing, why should we make us merry
Because a year of it is gone? but Hope
Smiles from the threshold of the year to come
Whispering ‘it will be happier.’”

* * * *

It is my birthday . . . My lonely hour!

My mother, for whose sake
I reverence all women, bad me, dying,
Whene’er this day should come about, to carve

29th
Birth-
day.

One lone hour from it, so to meditate
Upon my greater nearness to the birthday
Of the after-life, when all the sheeted dead
Are shaken from their stillness in the grave
By the last trumpet.

Am I worse or better?

I am outlaw'd. I am none the worse for that.

And all the better

For this free forest-life, for while I sat
Among my thralls in my baronial hall
The groining hid the heavens; but since I breathed,
A houseless head beneath the sun and stars,
'The soul of the woods hath stricken thro' my blood,
The love of freedom, the desire of God,
The hope of larger life hereafter, more
Tenfold than under roof.

Thomas Davidson, the "Scottish Probationer," 1838-1870, writing to Miss Alison Dunlop, a scholar, a linguist, an antiquarian, the lady to whom he was engaged—she survived him eighteen years—thus speaks of his 29th birthday: "Auchterarder, July 6, 1867. Perhaps you will remember that to-morrow is the 7th day of July. I happened to be born that day a few years ago—how few it doesn't very much matter, and I needn't bother myself mentioning. I cannot help remarking, however, that they are getting less and less few every time the 7th of July comes round—so much so that I am gradually coming to regard that day as the greatest nuisance of all the days in the year. I have a good mind to ask Mr Gibson" (the minister with whom he was staying) "to preach a penitential sermon on it."

Davidson was the man who wrote the student's song *The Yang-tsi-Kiang*. An old woman whom he met in the train one day had been telling him about her soldier son in China, and seemed to find a certain satisfaction in that far-off river's resounding name. When he got home he could not rest till he had made a little song about it and composed a tune.

A Cresset.

Ye are the Light of the World.

—Matt. 5, 14.

A LIGHTHOUSE with its equipment, if it be an ordinary land station, may cost from £5,000 to £9,000; if it be built on a reef far out at sea, like Skerryvore, which lies 10 miles from the Island of Tyree, or 24 from Iona, it may cost

nearly £90,000. But no one grudges it.

Long ago the only kind of beacon that ships had to guide or warn them in the dark was either a simple lamp, or what we call a chaffer or brasier, a grate of coals such as workmen and night-watchmen use on the open street. Sometimes the brasier was hung from a tall pole shaped like a cross, and was there-



fore called a cresset from the French word *croisette*. Some of these cressets were very large, using more than a ton of coals or wood every night. The cresset in the illustration was used as a night beacon for over a

hundred years, till as late as 1790, in St. Agnes, one of the Scilly Islands off the coast of Cornwall. The square hole in the side was, one may presume, for draught and for the removal of the ashes. This

cresset, now resting from its labours, is still to be seen in a garden in the adjacent island of Tresco. It is used as a flower-stand, and, filled with scarlet geraniums, blazes, like a lesser light to rule the day, with a sweeter softer flame.

Few parts of the British Coast have a sadder tale to tell of shipwrecks than the Scilly Islands. Oh the multitude that shall arise from these waters when the sea gives up the dead that are in it!

One of the most touching of these memories is that which relates to the death of Admiral Sir Cloudisley Shovel. He was coming home from the siege of Toulon in his flagship, the *Association*, with other twenty vessels, fifteen of them being great line-of-battle ships. They left Gibraltar on the 10th October, 1707. On the afternoon of the 22nd the weather was both foggy and squally, and then occurred a grievous thing which the Scillonians speak of to this day. A seaman on board the *Association*, whether from local knowledge, or from some strange instinct that some sailors have, deemed that they drew near to some country, and told the officer of the watch that he feared that unless the ship's course were altered she would soon be on the rocks of Scilly. The Admiral, hearing of this, ordered the seaman to be brought before him. The man on being questioned held fast to his opinion, and this so angered Sir Cloudisley, who felt that a slight had been passed on one of his officers, that he ordered the man to be hanged at the yard-arm. The sailor, strange to say, asked to

be permitted to read aloud a Psalm to the assembled crew before he died. The request was granted him. The Psalm he chose was one of the two or three tremendous ones that are not meant to be used by us every day, that God would have us reserve for specially terrible and solemn times. It was the 109th, the Psalm that is applied to Judas in the New Testament, the Psalm that denounces the wrath of God on those who with their eyes open reward evil for good, and hatred for love, and remember not to show mercy, but persecute the poor and needy man, and slay the broken in heart. After the Psalm was read the poor sailor was hanged, and then, while the body was still dangling from the yard-arm, the ship struck a rock and went to pieces, and of its 800 men, but one was saved. The Admiral himself was washed ashore, with his life still in him, but a woman killed him for the emerald ring he wore. It was herself who told the story thirty years afterwards, as she lay dying.

But worse remains to be told. For three other ships, the *Eagle*, the *Romney*, and the *Firebrand*, following in the *Association's* wake, struck another reef, and that night more than 2,000 British seamen perished.

Amongst the Scillonians in those days, and long after, we are told, there were men and women called Wreckers, who made it their business to show false lights to lead ships to destruction, that they and their neighbours might be enriched by the cargoes that were washed ashore. So, too, amongst ourselves there are



men and companies, publicans, gamblers, keepers of music-halls, who lay snares for souls. Be it our high task to seek to save those souls from Death.

In a book more than 300 years

old, the words which our Lord applies to His great Forerunner are translated thus: "He was a burning and a blazing cresset." At the beginning of a New Year and a new Decade we should hear the cry,

"Behold, the Bridegroom cometh." Let us awake from slumber, and trim our lamps, and stir up others to buy oil for themselves, that they and we may go forth to meet Him gladly.

The crews and passengers on board ships rarely see, and still more rarely meet, the men who keep the lighthouses, though sometimes a courteous captain, passing within hail, will dip his flag, much to the keepers' content. But the keepers do their duty all the same, and the sailors know it, and bless them for it in their hearts. And God knows it, too.



In honour preferring one another.

Rom. 12, 10.

Yea, all of you gird yourselves with humility.

1 Pet. 5, 5.

THERE are, it is said, 83 Scotch Peers, and 48 of these, being also Peers of the United Kingdom, have a seat in the House of Lords. Of the remaining 35, sixteen, chosen by their brethren, according to the Act of Union of 1707, whenever a new Parliament is elected, have also seats in the House of Lords.

The voting for the sixteen for the new Parliament took place at Holyrood, in Edinburgh, last month, and according to the papers most of those who were present *voted for themselves*. Somehow or other one does not like that. One is not much surprised when a selfish senseless boy insists on going in first in a game of rounders or cricket, but we expect something better from a lord. *Noblesse oblige*, that is, high birth, like a soldier's decoration or

any other honour, constitutes an obligation. We look for a high standard of conduct amongst all such men, especially when they proudly call themselves *Peers*, which is the Latin word *pares*, and means *Equals*. When we call a man our equal, we do not mean that we are as good as he, but that he is good as we, which is a very different thing.

There are times in life, no doubt, when a man has a right to step into the foremost place, that is, the place of danger. But in ordinary circumstances we do well to follow the Bible rule, to take the lowest place. "Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips." *Prov. 27, 2*. "Before honour goeth humility," "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall," "Everyone that exalteth himself shall be humbled; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted"—these are laws of the Universe, as unbreakable as the law of gravitation, or the law that "fire burns."

Long ago in Glasgow University the class prizes at the close of the session were voted by the students, and I remember the astonishment of the Senior Greek Class one year when an Englishman voted for himself. The Professor at that time was Mr Lushington, the man of whom we were all told, the first time his name was mentioned, that he married Tennyson's sister, and that it was he of whom the words in *In Memoriam* were written:

And thou art worthy; full of power;
As gentle; liberal-minded, great,
Consistent; wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower.

He was Senior Classic at Cambridge, and in later life one of the foremost Egyptologists and students of Hieroglyphics. But he was cold, reticent, austere. If a student never missed a class, Mr Lushington's Colleague in the Latin Chair would say in his certificate, So and-so "attended the class without being absent for a single hour during the whole session," but all that the Greek Professor would say was, he "attended the class regularly." The feat was certainly so uncommon as to merit a warmer word than that. Praise from his lips was rare enough to be praise indeed, but his rebukes were overwhelming.

When the student voted for himself, I remember Professor Lushington jerked his head to one side—it was a way he had—and said, "*Well,*" in a hesitating dubious tone that meant it was anything but well. Yet, after a moment's pause, he marked down the vote, and the student got the prize.

But the very same day two other incidents occurred. When they were voting the last prize, several names had been proposed, but only two were in the running and these were going neck and neck. It so happened that these two names were amongst the last on the roll. When the name of the first was called he voted for a student who had only got one or two votes. The Professor said nothing, but when the second name was called and the student voted for the rival who was like to beat him, Mr Lushington said, "*Yes!*" smacking his lips—I could imitate it though I cannot properly describe it—the way he always did when he was pleased with any bit of work.

Many years afterward I met that student abroad. When I asked him if he remembered the day he got the prize in the Greek class, and the way Professor Lushington said "*Yes,*" he laughed and said, "I think that was about the happiest moment at college I ever had!"

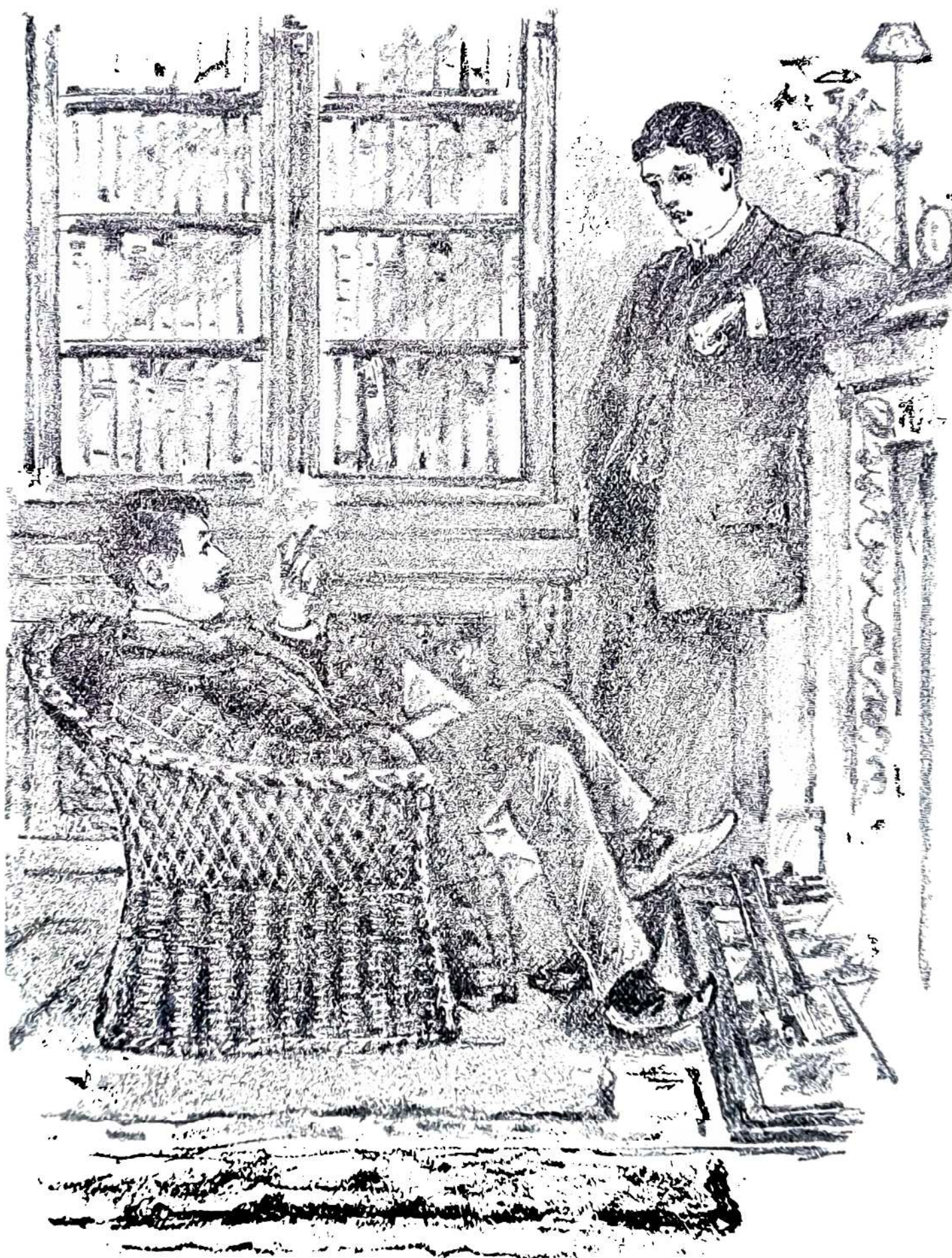
Reasons for not going to Church. 13th Series.—No. 1.

First Young Man: "No: I'm not going to Church to-day. There's to be a special collection for Foreign Missions, and I don't believe in Missionaries, and the people in the East don't want them. An engineer in the S.S. ARABIA was telling me that only the other day."

Second Young Man: "But do you not remember what the MACEDONIA man said?"

First Young Man: "No, I don't remember him. When did we meet him? What did he say?"

Second Young Man: "He was the man who said '*COME OVER AND HELP US.*' You must have come across him in the ACTS."



- 1 **S** IMMANUEL, that is, GOD IS WITH US.—*Is. 7, 14.*
 2 **M** The God of Israel will be your rearward.—*Is. 52, 12.*
 3 **TU** I go to prepare a place for you.—*John 14, 2.*
 4 **W** A Leader and Commander to the People.—*Is. 55, 4.* "Tell me," said a Danish visitor to Panikpah, one of Commander Peary's Esquimaux, "what did you think when you saw the land disappear and you found yourself out on the drifting icefloes?" "Think?" said the man in astonishment, "I did not need to think—Peary did that!"
 5 **TH** I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me.—*Ps. 40, 17.*
 6 **F** My soul followeth hard after Thee.
 7 **S** In the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice.—*Ps. 63, 7, 8.*
-
- 8 **S** Until the shadows flee away.—*Song of Sol. 2, 17.*
 9 **M** The shadow of a great rock in a weary land.—*Is. 32, 2.*
 10 **TU** As a servant that earnestly desireth the shadow.—*Job 7, 2, R. V.*
 11 **W** Shadow that is cast by turning.—*Jas. 1, 17, R. V.*
 12 **TH** On my eyelids is the shadow of death.—*Job 16, 16.*
 13 **F** Christ, dwelling in light unapproachable; Whom no man can see.—*1 Tim. 6, 16.*
 14 **S** We shall see Him even as He is.—*1 John 3, 2.*
 "Where all shade stops short, shade's service done."
 —*Browning's Red Cotton Nightcap Country.*
-
- 15 **S** It was winter; Jesus was walking in the temple.—*John 10, 23, R. V.*
 16 **M** A coal to warm at, a fire to sit before.—*Is. 47, 14, R. V.*
 17 **TU** He warmeth himself, and saith, Aha.—*Is. 44, 16.* "That good creature—fire, which gives us warmth and light and companionable sounds, and colours up the emptiest building with better than frescoes."—*Stevenson's Silverado Squatters.*
 18 **W** The barbarians shewed no common kindness: they kindled a fire.—*Acts 28, 2, R. V.*
 19 **TH** An angel touched him. . . . Behold, a cake baken on the coals.—*1 Kings 19, 6.*
 20 **F** It is the Lord . . . They see a fire of coals.—*John 21, 7, 9.*
 21 **S** Out of the midst of the fire as the colour of amber.—*Ezek. 1, 4.*
-
- 22 **S** Ye have a Master in heaven.—*Col. 4, 1.*
 23 **M** Take thought for things honourable in the sight of all men.—*Rom. 12, 17, R. V.*
 24 **TU** We take thought for things honourable . . . in the sight of God.—*2 Cor. 10, 21, R. V.*
 25 **W** We hear of some that work not at all.—*2 Thess. 3, 11, R. V.*
 26 **TH** Such we command that they work, and eat their own bread.—*1, 12.*
 27 **F** Let our people learn to profess honest trades.—*Titus 3, 14, Margin.*
 28 **S** The men did the work faithfully.—*2 Chron. 34, 12.* A few weeks ago a Mr. Robert C. Winter resigned a \$4,000 (£800) municipal office in New York to which he had been appointed on the ground that "he found nothing to do and that the office was unnecessary."
-
- 29 **S** Take unto you the whole armour of God.—*Eph. 6, 13.*
 30 **M** The armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left.—*2 Cor. 6, 7.*
 "It is useless to lock the front door if the back door be left on the latch, or to bar all the windows except one."—*Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B., late head of the Criminal Investigation Department, London.*
 31 **TU** They could find none occasion nor fault against Daniel.—*Dan. 6, 4.*

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXIV.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 2.



"Did you know that that's my Grannie?"

*"Well, what about that? Do you think nobody has got a
Grannie but you?"*

Now Ready. "THE MORNING WATCH" for 1910, Vol. XXIII. Price, One Shilling.

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Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.

Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.

London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59 Ludgate Hill, E.C.

"My Dear Dread."

A FEW weeks ago I had for one of my travelling companions in a railway carriage a boy in Highland dress. He had a large brooch, of course, in his Glengarry bonnet, and round its edge were the words—

DREAD GOD.

It was his family motto, he told me.

"Rather an alarming sentence, don't you think?" said a lady in the compartment.

"Anything but that! anything but that!" said an elderly gentleman from his corner. "If he has *that* dread, he need have no other dread in all the world. It's a splendid motto, and anything but alarming."

And the old gentleman was right.

In the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth, when men saw far, for they looked beyond the present moment, a husband writing to his wife would use the words that Edmund Spenser puts into the heart of the knight who followed Una, and call her his "Dear

Dread." For in every good woman there is a something that makes a wise husband regard her with a certain loving awe, a fear lest he, in anything he does, should pain or shame her. She stands in the place of God to him, and the more he loves her the more he dreads her, and the more he dreads her the more he loves her.

"I am not gay when thou art near,
My trembling heart hath joy too deep,
A feeling strange, half bliss, half fear,
So moves my soul I fain would weep."

That is how we should look on God. Let Him be your Fear, let Him be your Dread. But remember also that the sum of all God does and says to us is this: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God"—and love *means* LOVE—"with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength and with all thy mind." The cap of any boy who does that becomes a helmet that alarms and terrifies the Devil and makes him flee, but a helmet also that is a hope of salvation to its wearer and to every one else that wisely looks on it.



Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 5.)

29th
Birth-
day.

On his 29th birthday, 18th Sept., 1738, Dr. Samuel Johnson wrote this prayer: "O God, . . . In the days of childhood and youth, in the midst of weakness, blindness, and danger, Thou hast protected me; amidst afflictions of mind, body, and estate, Thou hast supported me; and amidst vanity and wickedness, Thou hast spared me. . . . Create in me a contrite heart, that I may worthily lament my sins and acknowledge my wickedness, and obtain remission and forgiveness, through the satisfaction of Jesus Christ. And, O Lord, enable me, by Thy grace, to redeem the time I have spent in sloth, vanity, and wickedness; to make use of Thy gifts to the honour of Thy name; to lead a new life in Thy faith, fear, and love; and finally to obtain everlasting life. Grant this, Almighty Lord, for the merits and through the mediation of our most holy and blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, to Whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, Three Persons and One God, be all honour and glory, world without end. Amen."

When Johnson wrote that prayer, it was as much as he could do to earn his daily bread and his nightly lodging, and yet he was one of the best scholars and most able thinkers in England. Indeed, it was in that same year that he wrote the famous letter to Mr. Cave, the Editor of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, signed, "Your's *impransus*," which means, "I have had no breakfast to-day." Dr. Birkbeck Hill, in his new edition of the *Letters*, tells us that any autograph page of Johnson's writing is now worth at least six or seven pounds, but that this particular letter, all because of that one word *impransus*, fetched £46 at a sale in London twenty-two years ago. There is something in that both ludicrous and tragic, and sublimely so—that the word *breakfastless*, 170 years after it was written, should be, as it were, as good as a *coupon* entitling a man to 800 meals at a shilling each! It reminds one of the riddle in the Book of Judges, "Out of the Eater came forth Meat." Only in this case it was not poor Samson that got the honey!

On Monday, 6th April, 1863, the late Principal Marcus Dods wrote to his sister: "My birthday falls on Saturday. I expect a letter from you with at least a page for every year of my life, so see and don't disappoint me." On the Thursday he wrote: "I was thinking I would be twenty-nine quite soon enough, but a parcel from the bookseller came in this morning, and greets me as if I had already reached that point. . . . I suppose your presents will be the only ones I shall get, but they are enough to make this 29th a memorable birthday. I am getting old." On the 14th he wrote: "It is worth while having a birthday after all: yon is the jolliest letter yet, I think. Many, many thanks. Nothing else came to me, except two pots of jam and three stalks of rhubarb from Anne. I

30th
Birth-
day.

preferred your letter, but did not object to the rhubarb. I suppose the jam will go back to Torphichen Street in instalments, *i.e.*, in little stomachs, two or three of which come to me to tea on Saturday evenings always."

At the age of twenty every Israelitish lad was reckoned to be "fit for war," that is, he was old enough to be a soldier, and therefore—a thing which many soldiers forget—old enough to be prepared to meet death and all that death means. But a Levite was not allowed to serve in the Tabernacle or Tent of Meeting till he was thirty, and when he was fifty his period of active service came to an end.

"After about thirty, wise men may grow wiser, but unwise men rarely grow wise. Therefore there are many old men with no experience at all. At the right time of life—that is, when they were young—they did not learn how to learn; and ever since, though working in the field of knowledge—working, it may be, as hard as wiser men—they have been gathering only weeds."—*Address to the Students at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, 1863, by Sir James Paget, the eminent Surgeon.*

Philip Henry, father of Matthew Henry the Commentator, writing in his Diary on Aug. 24th, 1662, says: "This day completes the 30th year of my age; so old, and no older, Alexander was when he had conquered the great world, and I have not yet conquered the little world, myself. So old Christ was when He began to preach, and according to the present face of things I am now as if I had done preaching."

The last sentence refers to an event which at that time was still in the future, the passing by Parliament of the *Act of Uniformity*, an Act which brought about the expulsion of nearly 2,000 ministers from the Church of England for declining to use what is known as the Book of Common Prayer, that is, the Prayer Book of the Church of England.

"Feb. 18th, 1811.—Anchored at Bombay. This day I finished the thirtieth year of my unprofitable life; an age at which David Brainerd finished his course. I am now at the age when the Saviour of men began His ministry—when John the Baptist called a nation to repentance. Let me think now for myself and act with energy. Hitherto I have made my youth and insignificance an excuse for sloth and imbecility; now let me have a character, and act boldly for God."—*Henry Martyn's Journal.*

On March 17, 1810, Dr Chalmers began to keep a Journal. "I have this day completed my thirtieth year; and upon a review of the last fifteen years of my life, I am obliged to acknowledge that at least two-thirds of that time have been uselessly or idly spent, and that there has all along been a miserable want of system and perseverance in the business of adding to my intellectual attainments. . . . My whole conduct has been dictated by the rambling instinct of the

30th
Birth-
day.

moment, without any direction from a sense of duty, or any reference to that eternity which should be the end and motive of all our actions. My prayer to heaven is that this record of my errors and deviations may be the happy means of recalling me from folly and wickedness ; that my temper, and my passions, and my conversation may be brought under the habitual regulation of principle ; that the labours of my mind may be subservient to the interests of the gospel ; that from this moment I may shake off caprice and indolence, and the mischief of ill-regulated passions ; and that, with the blessing of the Divine assistance, I may be enabled to soar above the littleness of time, and give all for eternity."

Most men who have kept a Journal for any length of time have begun earlier than Dr Chalmers, but better at thirty than never at all. On the last Thursday of last year I had a letter from a well-known scholar in which he says : " When I was a young man I read John Foster's *Essays*, one of which was on a man's writing memoirs of himself. I bought a Diary in which Sabbaths were entered separately, and the six lawful days of each week had ten lines allotted for putting down what was worth remembering each day. My entry on Saturday next will complete the 58th year, not a single day being passed over. I generally took note of books I had read, people I had met, or any incident of importance." I hope some who read this will imitate that scholar's example, and begin to-morrow.

The Travelling Post Office.

Now my days are swifter than a post: they flee away, they see no good.—*Job 9, 25.*

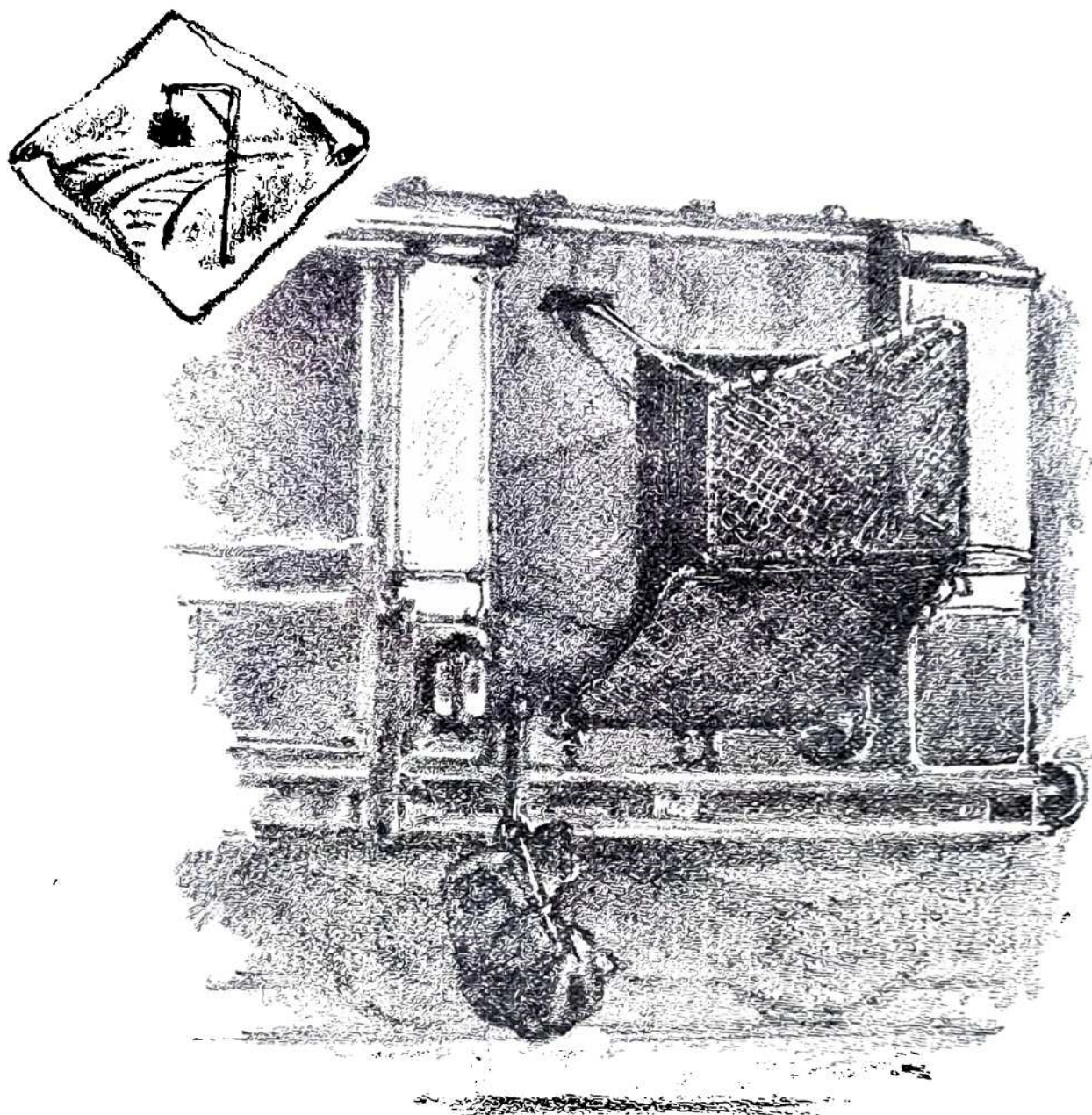
THE word "post" or postman here used by Job means in the Hebrew tongue a runner. But how does a runner come to be called a post? The answer to that question, says a recent writer,* shows how much history may be buried in a little word. "Here is the pedigree of the post. A post was 1. a fixed place, for example, a military station; 2. a place where horses were kept for travellers; 3. the person who used the horses; 4. a person who travelled quickly; 5. a carrier of letters, because he travelled quickly."

* Bible Occupations by Rev. George Sinclair. Glasgow, John Smith & Son.

When Job says his days were like a post, running quickly past, he spoke truly. But when he said they saw no good, or did no good, he was, as in many other things which he says in this chapter both about God and about himself, altogether wrong.

If one were standing at a little roadside railway station, say in Perthshire, in the early morning when the night mail from London to Aberdeen goes thundering by, it would be a great mistake to say that the train is doing nothing but flying past.

The van in which the mails are has an iron arm, with a letter bag at the end of it, which is extended outwards at every station it comes to, and the bag is caught by a net which is in waiting for it. And the



van has a net, too, which springs out from its side and catches the letter bags that are being sent from the station, so that the train is not only travelling, but giving and receiving letters all the way. And who can tell what joys and sorrows, what hopes and fears, these letters bring to multitudes of men and women?

So is it with ourselves. A day goes past, and we forget it. But

we were rubbing against people, brushing past them all the time, and they were doing the same to us, making them as they were making us, wittingly or unwittingly, worse or better all the time. Happy are we if we can say or others what Paul said of Titus, that God comforts us by their coming, and happy are we if from us as from our Lord, virtue goes out to every one that touches us.

The Snowdrop.

—•—

When Bridegroom-like forth
came the Sun
To wed the opening Year,
Of Trees, and Shrubs, and
Flowers, which one
Did first full-robed appear?

'Twas not the strong-limbed
giant Oak,
Nor blossomed Apple tree,
That homage paid and
welcome spoke
For Earth's nobility.

But if no bough in mead or
wood
Brought any offering,
Was there no scented flower
that could
Her pot of incense swing?

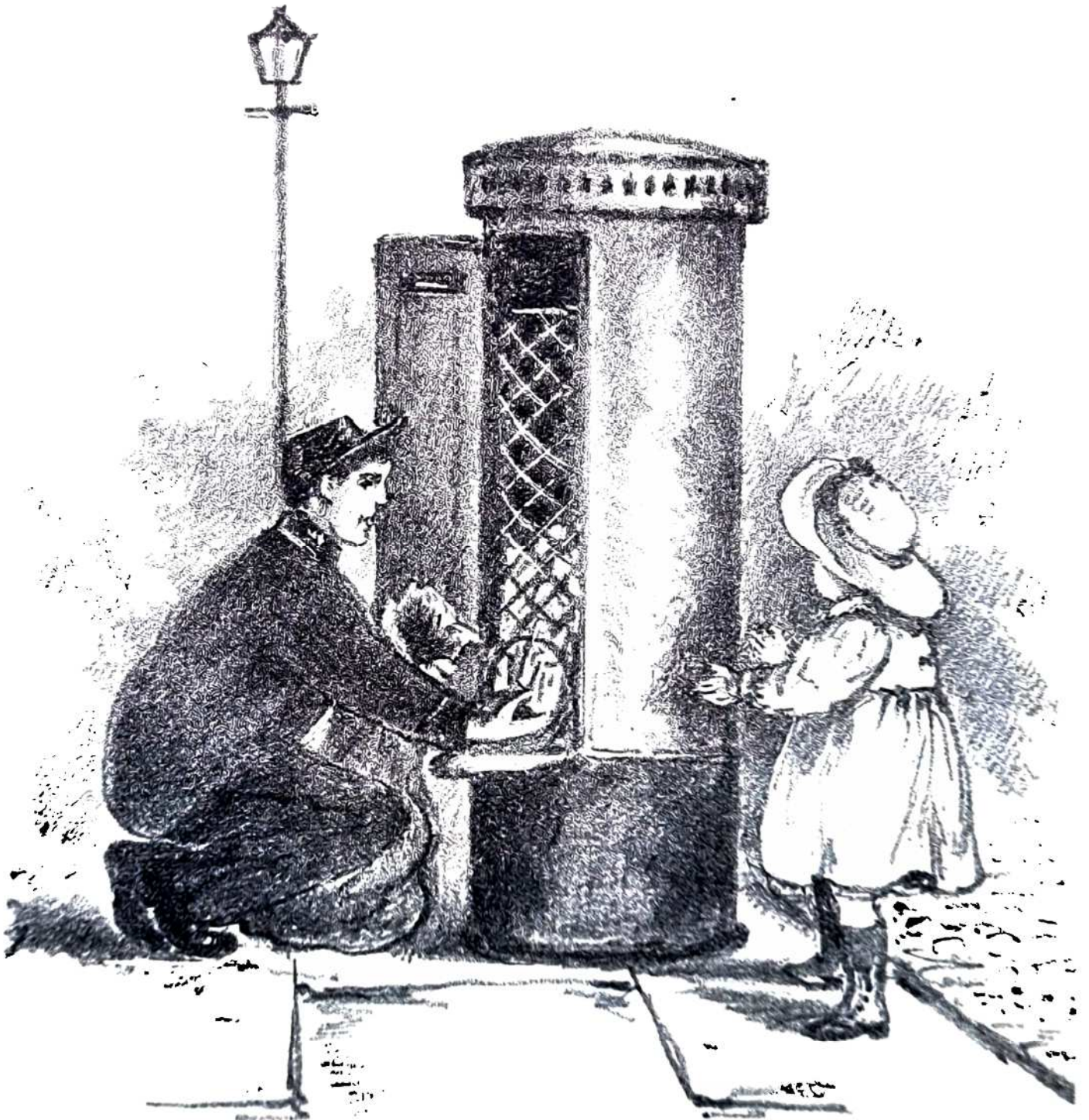
No perfumed Violets awake
In crevice of the rocks?
No Lily that for Him would
break
Her alabaster box?

Oak, Lily, Violet, Apple-
tree—
They slumbered all and
slept ;
Alone the Snowdrop patiently
Her loving vigil kept.



And when the cry, He comes! was
heard,
And in the silent camp
No voice replied, no sleeper stirred,
She trimmed her pendant lamp

And sallied forth, she that was
least,
And met Him on the road,
First entrant at the marriage feast,
First of the Guests of God!



"Oh, Mr. Postman! won't you PLEASE give me a letter?"

The Captain's Wife.

CHAPTER I.

MANY many years ago, there was a Captain of one of our river steamers, a man greatly beloved, who had a wife that took drink, and what *that* means is only known to God. Like most drunkards she had several phrases which she repeated with galling frequency when ever she was doing wrong, such as, "It was an ill day for me when I first saw your face," and "I was well warned."

People who didn't know what it was to live under the same roof with her, and didn't think what they were saying, would affirm that she was a kind, good-hearted woman, "and nobody's enemy but her own." And of all the lies the Devil tempts men to utter there is no greater one than that.

CHAPTER II.

Let me give you one instance of the harm she did to others.

One forenoon in her madness she threw a bundle of valuable papers belonging to her husband into the fire. She had previously at intervals pawned things of his, but pawned things can be redeemed though they somehow bring home a certain stain with them. But a document that has been burned is gone for all time. This was a new thing for her to do, and as her husband went up the steps of the paddle box of the "swift sailing pleasure steamer"—so ran the large bill which announced its daily route—he questioned with himself if after all

he ought not to give up his situation and take some other, though it brought him but a pound a week, which would let him home through the day and give him some chance of looking after her.

Amongst his passengers that day was a Yankee journalist who had put off the writing of his weekly letter to his paper in Chicago, and was bound to send it off that night no matter what might happen. He introduced himself to the Captain, having followed him on to the bridge, which no man may do "except such to whom the Captain may hold out the golden sceptre," and asked him the steamer's earnings and expenses, the wages of the crew, and his own salary, and how it compared with that of other Captains in similar positions. And had he to provide his own meals? Had he a wife? Was she allowed to travel free? and if so, how often? and why was she not with him on a glorious day like that? He guessed he would like to have a talk with her. "An Interview with a Clyde Skipper's Old Woman," he guessed, would make the Lake Erie 'long-shoremen open their eyes.

In ordinary circumstances the poor Captain would have listened and answered with good humour, but that day he was in no mood for jesting. The journalist had had many a rebuff in his time, but the way he was bundled off that bridge remained a secret memory for life. He wrote his letter all the same, and these were some of the headings: "The Old Country's Decadence;" "The Clyde a Fraud;"

"Scotch Skippers Incapables;" "Our Correspondent nearly Wrecked." The letter made a sensation, and shaped the opinions of thousands for many a day on Scottish scenery and character.

CHAPTER III.

Let me now show you the power for good that same woman had.

Once for a whole month she kept sober, and the happy Captain grew ten years younger. On one of these days of heaven on earth he had for one of his passengers an eager Frenchman on his travels. Him he beckoned to the bridge, and at a safe quiet part of the Firth allowed him to steer the ship for two whole minutes. Here is an extract from a chapter of the Frenchman's book: "Behold your husband! Monsieur the Captain invites him to mount. Alphonse mounts. He mounts upon the bridge. The mast reaches the

clouds. The bridge is half-way up. He regards his comrades *en bas*. He has no fear! No vertigo! No mal-de-mer! The Captain addresses Alphonse, 'First-lieutenant! Courage! En avant.' Your husband grasps the steering-wheel with force. It is one metre in diameter. He moves it with circumspection! He directs the Navigation! Foam is made. Fifteen metres wide is made the white path of the ship. Ah! the Porpoises! Whirling wheels! Courage! Your Husband has no fear! Bah! Behold a great ship. It is from Canada. On l'appelle *Parisian*. Her people regard Alphonse. 'Vive Christopher Colon!' 'Vive la France!' Vive l'Ecosse. The Scotch are a Great Nation!"

Little did that Captain's wife think that she carried in her hand her country's reputation.

Reasons for not going to Church. 13th Series.—No. 2.

The lady in the Five-hundred-guinea set of sables, whose husband is the newly appointed Scotch representative of the great house of Keepoffski Brothers of Pekin, Tobolsk, and Moscow, the famous Russo-Chinese Fur Importers, consented at the urgent entreaty of her minister to attend the last church "Social," though she was sure "she would get her death of cold in that hall." But she has made up her mind to break off all connexion with the Congregation because of the offensive familiarity of the wife of one of the elders, a very decent man who keeps a little crockery shop, who, on being introduced to her, said in a moment of hysterical excitement, "You and me, Mem, ought to know one another seeing both our husbands are in the china trade!"



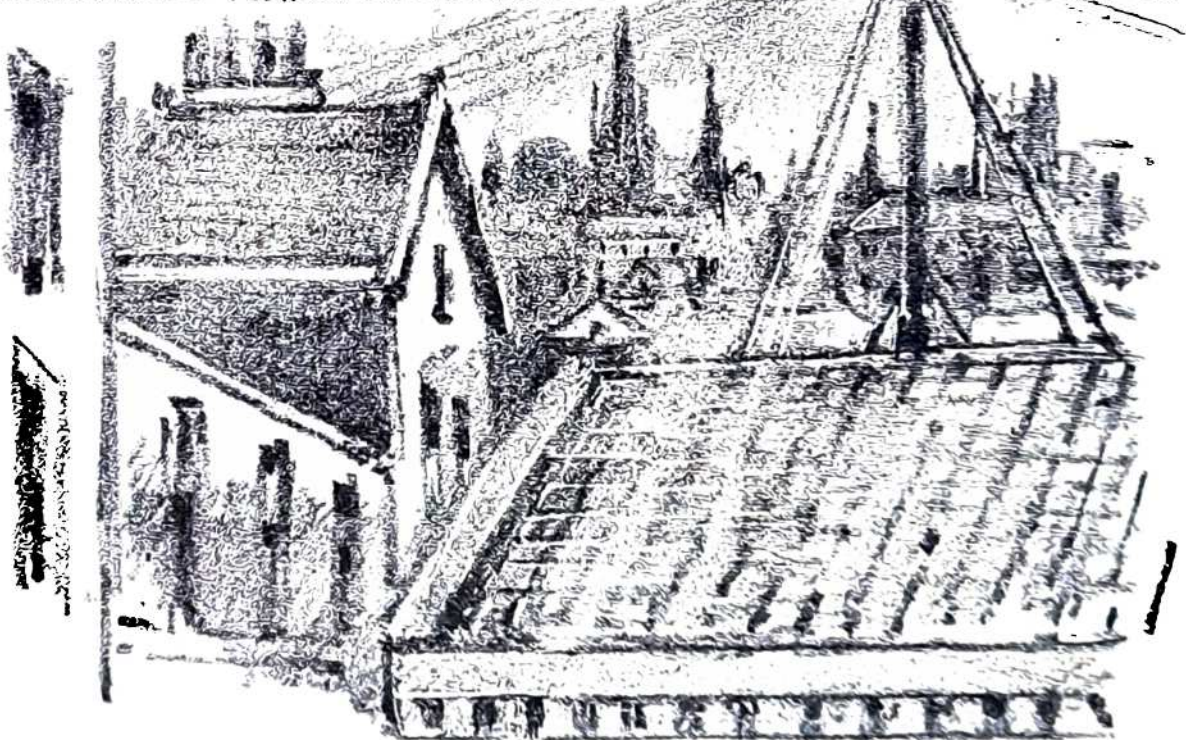
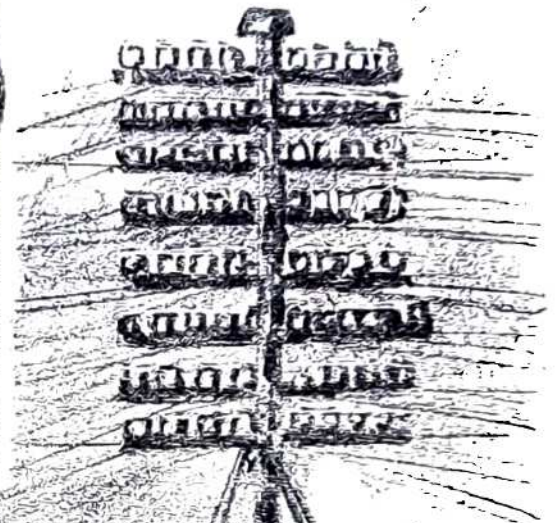
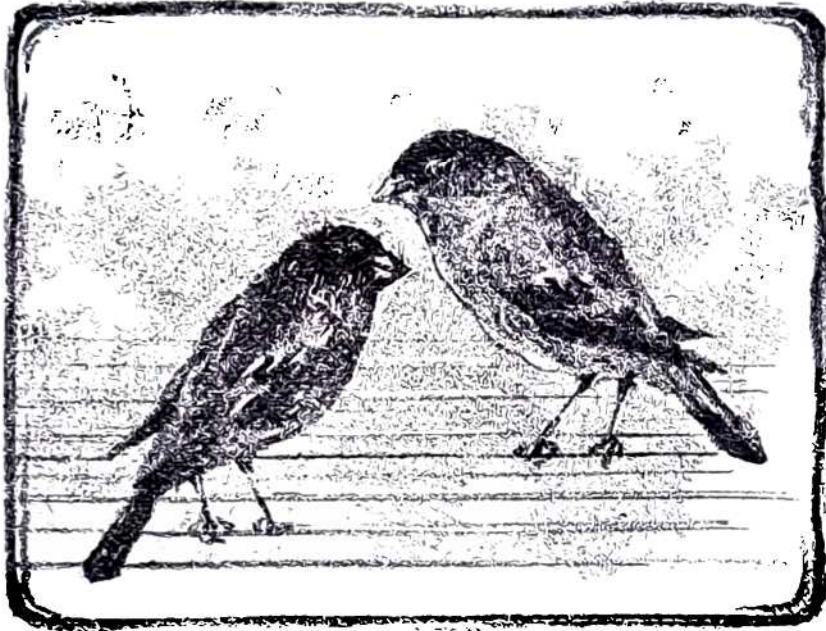
1	W	Whether ye eat or drink, do all to the glory of God.— <i>1 Cor. 10, 31.</i>
2	TH	If thou be a man given to appetite.— <i>Prov. 23, 2.</i>
3	F	We sat by the flesh pots.— <i>Ex. 16, 3.</i> "I had a friend, of great eminence in the learned world, who had hung up some pots on his wall to furnish nests for sparrows. The poor sparrows, not knowing his character, were seduced by the convenience, and I never heard any man speak of any future enjoyment with such contortions of delight as he exhibited when he talked of eating the young ones."— <i>Dr. Johnson's Letters.</i>
4	S	Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, idle gluttons.— <i>Titus 1, 12.</i>
5	S	Ask.— <i>Matt. 7, 7.</i>
6	M	Whatsoever prayer and supplication ; that is, <i>Whatever.</i>
7	TU	Be made by any man ; that is, by <i>Whomsoever.</i>
8	W	Whithersoever Thou shalt send them ; that is, <i>Wherever.</i>
9	TH	Whenssoever they cry unto Thee ; that is, <i>Whenever.</i>
10	F	Then hear Thou, and forgive, and do.— <i>1 Kings, 8, 38, 39, 44.</i> (<i>Do is indefinite, because it is infinite.</i>)
11	S	Able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.— <i>Eph. 3, 20.</i>
12	S	Thou didst make me trust.— <i>Psa. 22, 9, R. V.</i>
13	M	The faithful God, which keepeth covenant.— <i>Duet. 7, 9,</i>
14	TU	I the Lord change not.— <i>Mal. 3, 6, R. V.</i>
15	W	What He had promised, He was able also to perform.— <i>Rom. 4, 21.</i>
16	TH	Hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good?— <i>Num. 23, 19.</i>
17	F	He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.— <i>Psa. 15, 4.</i>
18	S	Let your speech be, Yea, yea ; Nay, nay.— <i>Matt. 5, 37, R. V.</i> "On the Stock Exchange implicit reliance is placed on the spoken word, or even a gesture, or a nod, at the beginning and end of bargains involving perhaps millions of pounds. The Members take this as a matter of course, but a thoughtful new-comer always marks it with some astonishment."— <i>Stocks and Shares by Hartley Withers.</i>
19	S	He shall feed His flock like a shepherd.— <i>Is. 40, 11.</i>
20	M	He spake the word unto them as they were able to hear it.— <i>Mark 4, 33.</i>
21	TU	For it is precept upon precept, precept upon precept.— <i>Is. 28, 10, R. V.</i>
22	W	And He said, Are ye also even yet without understanding?— <i>Matt. 15, 16, R. V.</i>
23	TH	He interpreted to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself.— <i>Luke 24, 27.</i> "The native African mind moves very slowly, and the chiefs took days to grasp the simplest facts, but Mr. Rhodes never became impatient. He kept on repeating the simplest sentences sometimes hundreds of times in one day, always smiling, always cheerful."— <i>Cecil Rhodes, by his Private Secretary, Philip Jourdan.</i>
24	F	We know that Thou art a Teacher come from God.— <i>John 5, 2.</i>
25	S	His name is called The Word of God.— <i>Rev. 19, 13, R. V.</i>
26	S	For He doth not afflict willingly.— <i>Lam. 3, 33.</i>
27	M	Rehoboam said, I will chastise you with scorpions.— <i>Kings 12, 11.</i> "There are few minds to which tyranny is not delightful ; power is nothing but as it is felt,"— <i>Dr. Johnson's Letters.</i>
28	TU	Such as breathe out cruelty.— <i>Psa. 37, 12.</i>

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXIV.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 3.



1st Sparrow: "No doubt it is kind of men to put up those wires for us to rest and hop on. But two would have been enough."

2nd do.: "Yes, and they could have made them thicker, for they do hurt one's feet."

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London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59
Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

A sower went out to sow his seed : and as he sowed, some fell by the way side ; and it was trodden down, and the fowls of the air devoured it.— Luke 8, 5.

IN a newly published book on *Edison, His Life and Inventions*, written by Mr. Dyer and Mr. Martin, there is a story told of a curious incident that happened on the awful night of Friday, 14th April, 1865, one of the nights in American history to be remembered. Mr. Edison was working at the time in the telegraph office in Cincinnati. Chancing to look out at the window, he noticed an immense crowd gathering in the street outside a newspaper office. He called the attention of the other operators to it, and then sent out a boy to find out what was ado. The boy returned in a few minutes and shouted "Lincoln's shot!"

The telegraph operators knew, of course, that the news must first have passed through their own hands, and instinctively they looked at one another to see which man had received the message. But

every face was blank, and every man said that no such message had come through his hands. "Look over your files," said the foreman, and then each man read over the copies he had kept of the messages he had taken down. For a few moments there was great suspense, and then one man held up a sheet of paper containing a short account of the shooting of the President. The operator had worked so mechanically that he had handled the news without the slightest knowledge of its meaning. Yet these were all educated clever men, who knew that they were living in a specially critical and solemn time. It was at the close of the great Civil War, in which many of them even had actually been soldiers.

They say that in like manner in a printing office compositors often set up page after page from manuscript, and after they are done are unable to tell a single thing about it. So mechanical indeed does the process of type setting become, that now and again, while the men are working, and working hard too, one may hear them telling each other stories or carrying on a discussion.

That seems very odd to us, and we can scarcely believe it. Yet we all do the same kind of thing in various ways. Have we not all heard a person say at table, "How many cups of tea have I had? Was that my first or my second? You don't mean to say it was my fifth?" Yet one would say one could hardly drink a cup of tea, especially some cups of tea, without

remembering it. What, again, could be a more delightful occupation than giving God thanks at meal time for our "food and Christ besides," and yet have we not all heard disputes at table as to whether the blessing had been asked or not? Do we not all at times forget what the chapter, or part of a chapter, was that we read in the morning or in the evening before? Do we not often find ourselves unable even to remember one word the moment after we have closed the book? Yet every word we read was a personal message of good news to us from our Father in heaven. We shall be reading and hearing this month a great deal about the publishing of the Authorized Translation of the Bible

three hundred years ago. It should do us good to remember that there have been times in our land, as there are times to-day in other lands, and as there are times in every man's personal history, when the word of the Lord is "precious," when the Gospel and the Promises are really "news," good news, worth more than gold, yea, than much fine gold, and sweeter, really sweeter, than honey and the honey comb. And the Bible would be all that to us every day, were it not that a dulled familiarity has bred if not contempt, at least indifference, and Christ may well say to us, Have ye your heart yet hardened? having eyes, see ye not? and having ears, hear ye not? and do ye not remember?

Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 17.)

30th
Birth-
day.

John Richard Green the historian, writing to his College companion Prof. W. Boyd Dawkins the geologist, on Dec. 16, 1867, says: "I turned thirty on the 12th. The day brought a grey hairy feeling with it. After all, one has done something in the ten years since one stood in the Quadrangle of Jesus College. But there is lots more to do."

Jesus College was the first Protestant College built at Oxford, and was so named by the Reformers who wished it to bear the Name that is above every name. Green died in 1883. In May, 1909, I saw his widow unveil a tablet, set up in that same Quadrangle over the entrance to the staircase which leads to the rooms he occupied when he was a student.

"Alton-Barnes, Nov. 22, 1829, Sabbath.—My thirty first birthday! my first married one! God be praised for the happiness that attends it. Others have been accompanied by hopes, and plans, and expectations for the future; this presents the realisation of all, and more than all I have ever dared to hope."—*Maria Leicester Harv's Journal in Memorials of a Quiet Life.*

31st
Birth-
day.

On Feb. 27, 1838, the poet Longfellow, who had just finished his first year of professorship at Harvard University, and had written his well known *Psalm of Life*, wrote in his Diary: "I am this day thirty-one years old. How much I have lived through this last year. It has been rich in experiences."

Two months afterwards he wrote to his friend, Charles Sumner, then in Europe: "Your warm-hearted letter, written on my birthday, did not reach me till yesterday. You knew all the time that you were touching me on my weak side when you chose that date. I confess I was pleased you should remember it. We did not remember it here; it was not celebrated!"

The late Edmund Garrett, a man who as journalist and otherwise played a great part in recent South African history, writing to a friend on July 20, 1896, his 31st birthday, says: "At this moment I feel less of an invalid than for several years past. How many 'well' people, who deem themselves living a full life, enjoy such a full year of effort as 1895-96 has been to me? The horrible haunting fear of being knocked out of the line and being walked over by the other fellows, a subject no more for the battle, only for the ambulance, no help to the world but a burden only—that is lifted for the time at least. Some good work has been done."

"Look at this fellow," said a Colonial statesman, pointing to Garrett, "I visited him on his sick bed at Pretoria, fading away, 'sent out to die'—and there he is, the most dangerous man in South Africa!"

The Ploughman.

*For his God doth instruct the ploughman
aright, and doth teach him.—
Isaiah 28, 26.*

CHAPTER I.

IT was Saturday forenoon, and our young minister, who had been sent for to see some one who was ill, was on his way home. It had been a week of much trouble and many interruptions. He had gone off his sleep, too, and he was to preach three times next day, and the text for his third sermon was not yet chosen.

Fifty yards from his door a woman was standing waiting for him. "My man's a ploughman," she said, "and he used to be foolish, but he

hasn't touched drink for two years. But yesterday a man, who passed him when he was at his work, took out a bottle and gave him a glass, and he rose quite cross this morning, and would hardly speak, and I'm afraid he is going to break out again. I know we don't belong to your church, but I thought if you were happening to be passing along the Highbarns road any time this afternoon, you might see him, and a word from you might do him good. Only, don't say I sent you. He was evidently having a terrible struggle, but if he could only get to-day by!"

"I'll go most willingly," the minister said, "and I'll try to speak

as kindly and wisely to him as I can."

CHAPTER II.

A few minutes afterwards he was on his way with three lovely apples that some one had given him as a gift, in his pocket.

The Highbarns Farm lay about three miles from the town, and as at one point of it there was a lovely glimpse of the sea, it was a favourite road with some of the townspeople on Saturday afternoons. Now this Saturday happened to be the first fine one there had been since the New Year, and the road seemed quite busy; everybody busy walking but the ploughman, and he was busy ploughing, and seemingly, from the way he spoke to his horses, not in the best of humour.

It would take too long to tell all the thoughts and plans that passed through the minister's mind. But he stood and watched the ploughing for a while, and made every other passer by to stand and watch it too.

"I counted seventeen all at one time," said the man afterwards. "You would have thought it was the Lower Ward Ploughing Match day. And I must say, though perhaps I shouldn't, that I never did better work in my life. One of the Bailies chanced to be driving past, and he watched me for a little, and says he, 'I've seen worse work than that,' says he, 'getting the Cup.' But I was most pleased when the Sheriff and his lady—he was a terrible clever nice man and she was just as nice a woman—stopped and stood a while. She was wheeling her perambulator with her youngest

baby in it—for there was no pride about her, and yet, maybe after all it was pride that made her do it, for who has right to be proud if a mother hasn't? They had their two little boys with them, too, and after a while, what does the Sheriff do but lift them over the dyke, and up they came to me with three apples and their father's compliments! and they were to say the two big apples were for the horses, and the little one was for myself. He was aye a jokey man the Sheriff, they tell me. I suppose he meant it was the horses that were doing the most of the work, and there's no doubt a great deal depends on them. And I suppose a Sheriff on the bench with two lawyers in front of him is just like me with my two beasts, but of course I didn't say that to him!"

CHAPTER III.

"It would be a little after five when I had loosed the horses and was taking them home, when up comes the young minister that I had seen a while before. I don't know where he had been, but I suppose he had been taking a walk.

'I would like to try the plough some day just for ten minutes,' says he, 'to see what like it feels. They tell me it's pretty ticklish work.'

"Yes," I said to him, "it's ticklish to them that's no acquaint with it."

"'Would you let me try it,' says he, 'just for five minutes if I came out next week?'

"Well, yes, I suppose I might," says I, "only it would need to be early in the week, for," says I, "you

might give yourself a twist or a rack, and ten to one you would get a toss over the stilts when you tried it, and you would need a day or two to recover before the Sabbath."

"Well he laughed pretty hearty at that, and then says he, 'I'm not sure but I rather think my people wouldn't object very much to get rid of me for even two Sabbaths, but if you like I'll come on Monday.'

"No," says I, "not on Monday, for it would hardly do to let you try your hand so near the road, where it would be seen."

"'But I don't mind whether I'm seen or not,' says he.

"It's no you I'm caring for," says I, "it's myself. For it's no use trying the plough just for ten minutes. It would take half-an-hour at the very least, and in that time you might make such a mess of the ground as would leave a mark for seven years, and I would get the blame of it. But I have only three-quarters of an acre to do near the road, and I'll do that on Monday, if I'm spared; and if you come on Tuesday, say about ten o'clock, there's a little quiet corner on the other side of that knowe, and you could try there, and your mistakes would never be seen by anybody but the master and the horses. And *he'll* forgive you, though I'm no sure if *they* will!"

CHAPTER IV.

"Ye had our minister out helping ye on Tuesday," said an acquaintance of the ploughman's on the Thursday. "How did he get on? We thought last night when he

prayed so feelingly for those 'that plough our land, who teach us how to work and wait and hope,' that he must have had an experience."

"Ah, well! you're right. He had! He had two hours' experience, but the mark the plough left on him is nothing to the mark he left on the plough, and as for the land—I don't know what I'm to do, I'm affronted. But I like him. He was very willing to learn, and very biddable. I'm going to give him a day's hearing some day soon."

CHAPTER V.

And that some day came sooner than he meant. For on the Friday the minister met the ploughman again, and said: "I have brought a pair of gloves for your wife, and if they aren't her size, the people in the shop will change them. How long have you been married?"

"Now, wasn't that very odd," the ploughman used to say afterwards when he told the story, "for it was exactly five years to a day on the Saturday since our marriage! 'But,' says I to the wife, 'you're no to expect that every anniversary.'"

"'Certainly not,' says she. 'These will do me many a year to come.'"

"Well, do you know, I saw she would like to put them on, so, says I, 'it would only be respectful; what say you to going to the kirk to-morrow?' And she just began to greet. 'It would be fine if we did,' says she. So we went, forenoon and afternoon, and we've gone regular ever since, and it would take a big thing to make us stop going."

CHAPTER VI.

"That's a real lazy minister,"



said a woman to the ploughman's wife on the Tuesday after the second Sabbath. "They tell me he does nothing but enjoy himself walking about the country and gossiping, and very pleased to be seen talking to the gentry. He never seems to

do a stroke of work."

"How much he does I don't know," was her answer; "but if he does as good work every week as he has done to my certain knowledge these last eight days, he'll do well."



"Would you please let little Johnnie stand on your shoulders? He would like to see what is on the other side of that big wall."

And He took a little child : and when He had taken him in His arms.—Mark 10, 36.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was a Cambridge University man once who was "engaged in historical research," that is to say, he was writing a book about an English nobleman who lived some hundreds of years ago. Having heard that there was a portrait of his hero in one of the "stately homes of England" in a neighbouring shire, he asked and got permission to come and see it.

CHAPTER II.

The mansion house, which stood in the centre of a magnificent and spacious park surrounded by high walls several miles long, was equally distant from two stations on two different railway lines. On the morning of the day appointed for his visit, a telegram came, telling him that at one of these a conveyance would be waiting. Unfortunately the telegram came too late; he was already on his way to the other and less convenient one. On his arrival he found there were two lodge gates, by either of which he could find entrance, one a mile to the east, another a mile to the west. He chose the latter, and had gone some way when a little girl stopped him, and in her simplicity asked him to let her little brother get up and stand on his shoulders as he wished "to see what was on the other side of that big wall."

He hesitated, but only for a moment and more from amusement than from concern for his dress,

though the roads were muddy and frock coats are expensive mats. Then, stooping and hoisting up the little fellow, he asked him to tell him what he saw.

"There's a lovely red road, and oh! yonder is a carriage and two ponies coming along it. You might let Dora see them."

Now that is always the reward one gets for doing a good deed; one gets the chance of doing another, and presently Dora was hoisted up in her brother's place.

CHAPTER III.

The little carriage was now passing close to the wall, and the lady who was driving could not help seeing the grin of delight on the child's face. "Are you not afraid of falling?" she asked, halting for a moment.

"Oh no! ma'am. I'm standing on a great big man's shoulder."

"Would you please ask him, for me, if he has passed a gentleman on the road anywhere?"

"I have passed no one since I left the station."

Then the lady, noticing the air of distinction in the voice, said, "May I ask if you are Mr. So-and-So?"

"I am."

"Kindly allow me, then, to introduce myself to you. I am very pleased to make your acquaintance, and hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing you! I had gone to the other station, but my telegram must have missed you. May I trouble you to turn back? and I shall meet you presently. We shall save a little time that way."

CHAPTER IV.

When they got to the Hall, the sun shone out for the first time that morning, but with what people used to call a "watery shine," too good to last long. But it lasted fifteen minutes, and in that time our historian friend saw the picture in as perfect a light as could have been desired, and like a painter who,

Poring on a face,
Divinely through all hindrance
finds the man

Behind it,

so saw his hero, and so described him in his book that

The shape and colour of his mind and life
Lives for his children, ever at its best
And fullest.

CHAPTER V.

When the lady and her husband and family parted with our friend that afternoon, they told him he would always be a welcome guest, so much had they enjoyed his visit; and it was so good of him to have

allowed those bold little monkeys to stand on his shoulder! They had never heard of such a thing.

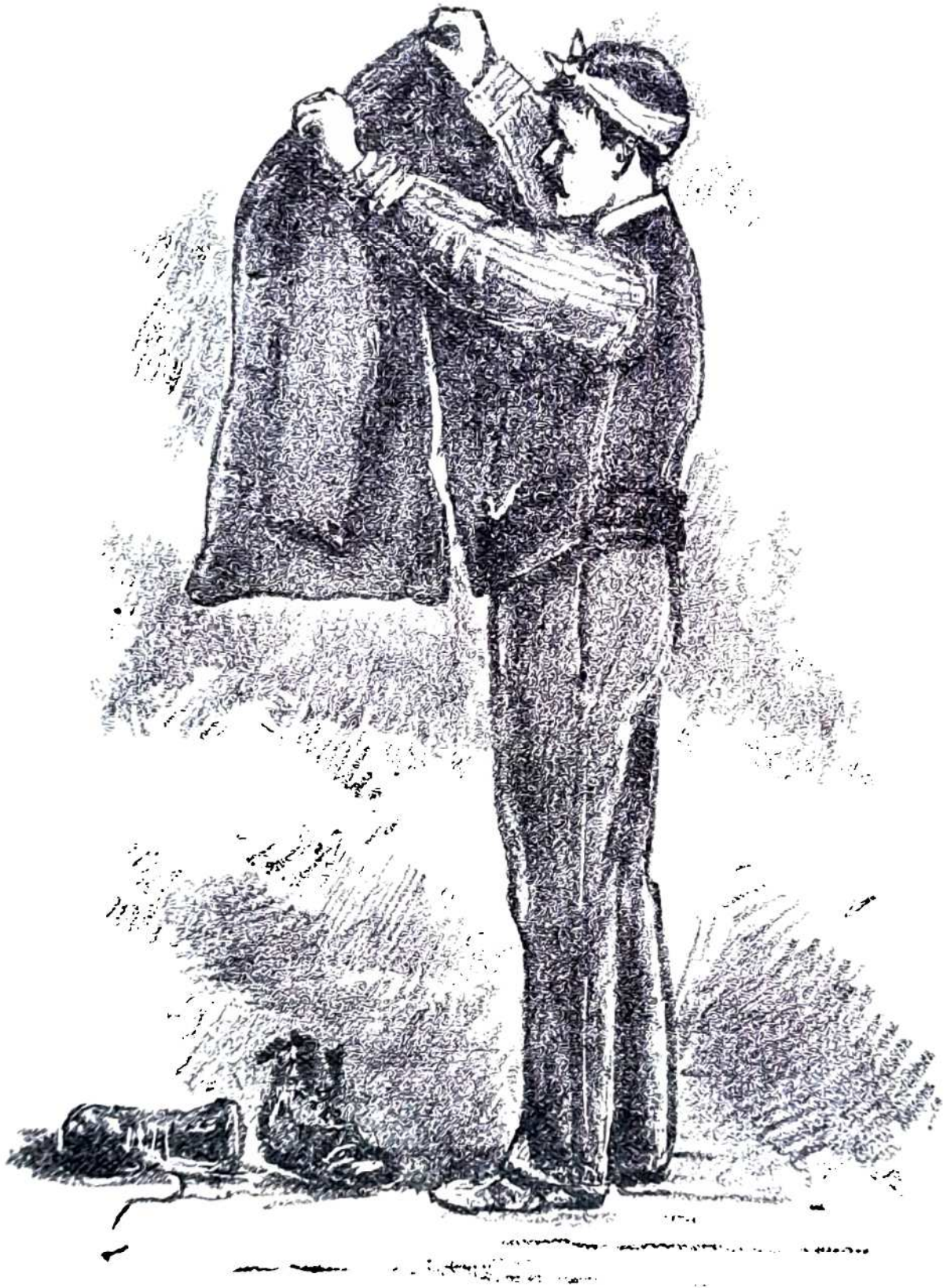
To which he answered that the children had given him a better lift than he had given them. For it was the few minutes they had saved him by the stopping of the carriage that had allowed him to get so perfect a view of the picture, before the sky had darkened. And indeed, he added, "we are all standing every day on the shoulders of those who have gone before us, and the only way we can pay our debt to them is to let those who come after us stand on ours."

And the lady's sons never forgot that saying. Nor did the little children either ever forget that stranger's kindness to them, though they blushed every time they remembered their own boldness. And what he did for them that once, they did many times for others.

Reasons for not going to Church. 13th Series.—No. 3.

This lad went to a Football Match thirty miles off last Saturday, and came home with his coat torn, his new pipe broken, his legs black and blue from knocks he received from the spectators round him who kicked out with their feet in sympathetic action with the players at critical moments of the game, and with a lump at the back of his head from the blow of a stick aimed by some one behind him at a man in front of him who kept shouting "Foul," "Off-side," on all occasions. The team he favoured was beaten by 4 goals to nothing: "the rottenest game he ever saw;" "they could no more play football than his sisters could, and mighty little THEY knew of football or anything else." He is half thinking of not going to the next match. (Yet he'll go!)

But he has fully made up his mind not to go to church, because one can't



go there without putting a ha'penny in the "plate," and "when he puts money down, he likes to get SOME value for it."

1	W	Give Him no rest.— <i>Is. 62, 7.</i> "I will lie at Christ's door like a beggar waiting on ; and if I may not knock I will scrape."— <i>Viscount Kenmare, 1599-1634.</i>
2	TH	Stir up Thyself, my God and my Lord.— <i>Ps. 35, 23.</i>
3	F	For it is time to have pity.— <i>Ps. 102, 13, R.V.</i>
4	S	Turn Thee unto me.— <i>Ps. 119, 132, R.V.</i>
5	S	Turn Thee unto me ; for I am desolate.— <i>Ps. 25, 16.</i>
6	M	No man careth for my soul.— <i>Ps. 142, 4, R.V.</i>
7	TU	Sir, I have no man to put me into the pool.— <i>John 5, 7.</i>
8	W	They marvelled that He was speaking with a woman.— <i>John 4, 27, R.V.</i> "Robert Lowe (Lord Sherbrooke) was the most naturally and spontaneously brilliant talker that I ever knew. Other great talkers wanted an audience. Lowe did not. He was not less likely to say a good thing to you as you sat by him on the driving box than to say it to the most appreciative circle." <i>Prof. Goldwin Smith's Reminiscences.</i>
9	TH	His disciples came, and besought Him, saying, Send her away.— <i>Matt. 15, 23.</i>
10	F	Nicodemus came to Jesus by night.— <i>John 3, 2.</i> "There are said to be nineteen such private interviews in the Gospels."— <i>Prof. Stalker.</i>
11	S	There shall be joy in heaven over one sinner.— <i>Luke 15, 7, R.V.</i>
12	S	I have found the book of the law in the house of the Lord.— <i>2 Kings 22, 8.</i>
13	M	Thy words were found, and I did eat them.— <i>Jer. 15, 16.</i>
14	TU	Thou gavest good statutes and commandments.— <i>Neh. 9, 13.</i>
15	W	Good tidings of great joy.— <i>Luke 2, 10.</i>
16	TH	Words of eternal life.— <i>John 6, 68.</i>
17	F	A friend meeting "Rabbi" Duncan on the street, said, "Is there any news to-day?" "O yes," he replied, "this is always news, The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."— <i>1 John 1, 7.</i>
18	S	Believest thou this?— <i>John 11, 27.</i>
19	S	Hath God forgotten to be gracious?— <i>Ps. 77, 9.</i>
20	M	Doth His promise fail?— <i>v. 8.</i>
21	TU	Wait patiently for Him.— <i>Ps. 37, 7.</i> "If a master was a quarter of an hour late at Rugby School, tradition allowed the boys to depart in all directions.— <i>Dr. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury.</i>
22	W	Mine eyes fail while I wait for my God.— <i>Ps. 69, 3.</i>
23	TH	The vision is yet for the appointed time, and it hasteth.
24	F	Though it tarry, wait for it, . . . it will not delay.— <i>Hab. 2, 3, R.V.</i>
25	S	The Lord's going forth is sure as the morning.— <i>Hos. 2, 3, R.V.</i>
26	S	The blessing of the Lord, it maketh' rich.— <i>Prov. 10, 22.</i>
27	M	He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye.— <i>Prov. 28, 22.</i>
28	TU	The love of money is a root of all kinds of evil.— <i>1 Tim. 6, 10, R.V.</i> "A drinking man may possibly be trustworthy when sober ; but, drunk or sober, a gambler can never be trusted."— <i>Sir R. Anderson, K.C.B., late head of the Criminal Investigation Department, London.</i>
29	W	Ye prepare a table for Fortune . . . and Destiny.— <i>Is. 65, 11, R.V.</i>
30	TH	They cast lots upon My vesture.— <i>Ps. 22, 18.</i>
31	F	. . . that with quietness they work, and eat their own bread.— <i>2 Thess. 3, 12.</i>

April, 1911.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXIV.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 4.



"Just in time for the Census! Your First one, and my Last!"

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April 2nd. Census Day.

*That Sabbath day was an high day.
John 19, 31.*

SOME will look on the Census Sheet, when they fill it up with names and dates and facts, as a thing of form. Some will treat it as a jest. Some will write on it with pain, and some with shame, and some with rage; some with joy, and some with hope, and some with great fear and awe.

If we think of it as we ought, it is work most fit for the Lord's Day, for it calls on us to think of all God did for us before time was, and since, and of all that He will do for us when time shall be no more.

When the Sheet is brought out to be filled, it is a good plan for all the house to meet, and pray, and sing words like those in Psalm 115, 12-18:

The Lord of us hath mindful been,
And He will bless us still;
He will the house of Israel bless,
Bless Aaron's house He will.

And when we are alone, let us ask ourselves such things as these: For what was I sent into the Kingdom at such a time as this? When next Census Day comes round, where shall I be? what shall I be? And when the whole world's roll is called at the Last Day, and the Lord shall count, and write up the people, is my name to be found written in the Lamb's Book of Life, or—*blotted out of it?*

Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 28.)

32nd
Birth-
day.

John Coleridge Patteson, the English Church missionary bishop who was killed by the natives of one of the South Sea Islands in 1871, wrote to his father on 1st April, 1859: "My dearest Father,—Thirty-two years old to-day! Well, it is a solemn thing to think that one has so many days and months and years to account for. Looking back I see how fearfully I wasted opportunities which I enjoyed, of which, I fancy, I should now avail myself gladly. . . . I feel this very keenly now; for certainly I did waste time sadly; and it so happens that I have just had *Tom Brown's Schooldays* lent me, and that I spent some time in reading it on this particular day, and, of course, my Eton life rose up before me. What a useful book that is! A real gain for a young person to have such a book. That is

32nd
Birth-
day.

very much the kind of thing that would really help a boy—manly, true, and plain.”

Patteson's mother was a niece of the poet Coleridge.

“Before I met Miss Alice Freeman in 1884,” says Prof. G. H. Palmer of Harvard University, “I had heard her praises sung for several years. . . . Our intimacy ripened rapidly, till on her thirty-second birthday, 1887, I bought her an engagement ring. With characteristic audacity she insisted on wearing it at once. When at our next meeting I asked if her girls had not remarked it, she said they had on that very evening, but that when she had told them it was her birthday and this was one of her birthday gifts, she started a discussion over their respective ages, and the subject of the ring disappeared. It did not disappear from her finger, however, necessary though concealment was. We both understood how badly the College and her work would be upset if our relation were talked of before the end of the term. I therefore stayed away from Wellesley, and nobody, not even the members of our two families, learned until summer that the new tie was formed.”

Miss Freeman was at that time Principal of the Wellesley College for Ladies and had a salary of £800; her husband's income was £700. They were married on the 23rd December following. A few months afterwards, when they were strolling in Paris one night, they saw in a jeweller's window an opal ring with tints of green and gold, richer and deeper than they had ever seen before. They looked at it with delight and often afterwards searched for it, but could never find it again. “Fancy how my breath was taken away,” she writes on the first anniversary of her wedding-day to the friend at whose house the marriage had taken place, “when just now that identical great opal set round with diamonds was put on my finger! That base deceiver had helped me to look for it many a time after it was safely hidden in his pocket. And now here it is, with the splendour of the sun at its heart and changing into fresh beauty whenever I look at it. That, dear friend, is like married life, isn't it? All things made new every morning and evening.”

At her death in 1902, her husband received nearly 2,000 letters from statesmen, school-girls, clerks, lawyers, ministers, teachers, country wives, outcasts, millionaires, and men of letters. It was said of her that anyone on whom she turned her great eyes went out from her presence, as it were, renewed.

In his *Farthest North* Nansen, the Arctic explorer, describes his thoughts and experiences on Wednesday, October 10, 1894. “Exactly 33 years old. There is nothing to be said to that, except that life is moving on, and will never turn back. They have all been touchingly nice to me to-day, and we have held fête. They surprised me in the morning by having the saloon ornamented with flags. Above my door and over Hansen's they had the pennant with *Fram*” (*Forwards*, the name of his ship) “in big letters. It looked most festive when I came into the saloon, and they all stood up and

33rd
Birth-
day.

wished me 'Many happy returns.' When I went on deck the flag was waving from the mizzen mast-head. We took a snow-shoeing excursion south in the morning. It was windy, bitter weather; I have not felt so cold for long. The thermometer is down to 24° below zero this evening; this is certainly the coldest birthday I have had yet. A sumptuous dinner: 1. Fish pudding. 2. Sausages and tongue, with potatoes, haricot beans, and peas. 3. Preserved strawberries, with rice and cream. Coffee after dinner, with a surprise in the shape of apple cake, baked by our excellent cook, Pettersen, formerly smith and engineer. Of course we kept holiday all the afternoon. At supper there was another surprise, a large birthday cake, from the same baker, with the inscription: 'T. L. M. D.' (Til lykke med dagen, the Norwegian equivalent for: Wishing a happy birthday; literally, To happiness with the day), '10-10-94.' In the evening came pine-apples, figs, and sweets. Many a worse birthday might be spent in lower latitudes than 81°. The evening passed with all kinds of merriment; the saloon resounds with laughter. . . . But when one has said good-night and sits here alone, sadness comes; and if one goes on deck, there are the stars high overhead in the clear sky. In the south is a smouldering aurora arch, which from time to time sends up streamers—a constant restless flickering."

"Daft Bell."

For the Lord thy God walketh in the midst of thy camp; therefore shall thy camp be holy: that He see no unclean thing in thee, and turn away from thee.—Deut. 23, 14.

CHAPTER I.

Old Isobel Angus, or Daft Bell as her foolish neighbours called her, had a weekly income of about five shillings and eightpence ha'penny. A ha'penny means much when one comes to a certain point. Five shillings and eightpence ha'penny; and as she had God's blessing with it, and was generous as well as thrifty, she was well off. She had been in service till her sixtieth year, latterly as housekeeper to a gentleman, who, at his death, left her a small annuity. The rest of her income came from the interest at 3

per cent which she got from the Savings Bank on the £140 she had put into it during the thirty years that had passed since her mother's death had left her homeless. She would have kept a lodger had she been able, after leaving service, but she had many ailments, and was now almost totally deaf, besides. Her mother had been hard of hearing for several years before her death, and fretful and inquisitive, and Bell had for a time a good deal to bear. No one else would have said it of her, but she had often charged herself with being impatient, and short in her answers, and the deafness that had come upon herself she looked on as a judgment for not honouring her mother. But she was wrong in that.

CHAPTER II.

When the Factor told her there

was a house of one apartment on the first flat of an old tenement that she might have for £4 a year, or 2 shillings a week if she took it by the month, she wondered why God was so kind to her. But when she saw the house, she had a good cry. Its state was even worse than she had been told. The last two tenants, one of whom had £4 10s, and the other £3 15s, a fortnight, had not only flitted without paying any rent—for, as their wives said, they could hardly keep themselves in food on a small wage like that, let alone paying money to a greedy landlord—but had burnt everything burnable in the house, shelves, drawers, and the wooden bars on which the mattress, if they had had one, would have rested. “She could take the house as it stood if she wanted it,” the factor said; “I’ll put in drawers, and bed bars, and one shelf, but not one penny more will I lay out.”

From the end of the “close,” or entry, to the first flat was a short flight of four steps. There were four flats in the building, and three houses in each flat. Hers was the middle house.

CHAPTER III.

In this chapter I should have told you what she did to make the place habitable, but it was so sad a business, and she cried so much, that I have not heart to tell the story.

CHAPTER IV.

As soon as the inside was decent, she washed the door and polished the handle. It was black and

smeared with I don’t know how many things when she began. When she was done, it shone like gold and nearly blinded some of the neighbours when they came on it suddenly. She had a weary task with the bar of wood in front of the door, but it, too, was made first presentable, then almost beautiful. But it took a lot of sandpaper as well as soap.

CHAPTER V.

Such a “close” for visitors you never did see! From morning to night there was always some body asking if there was a Mrs So-and-so in this land, and as Isobel’s door was the only inhabitable-looking place on the first landing, it was at it all the callers knocked. It was not the number of these, however, that distressed her so much as her difficulty in hearing what they said. But seeing one day in a window a small slate for a penny, she bought it, varnished the sides, and then bribing one of the neighbours’ children to write on it “1st flat, 2nd flat, 3rd flat, 4th flat,” with the names of the three tenants under each, she fixed it on her door with a screw-nail. That was how she got the name “Daft.”

And now I should tell you how the boys spat on the slate, and wrote things, and drew her portrait on it, till at last she had to take it down. The factor, however, had heard of it, and seeing it was a good idea, put a little frame with the names of his tenants and a glass covering over it, at the front of each entry in some new tenements he was given

the care of, and he got credit for being an uncommonly clever man !

CHAPTER VI.

There were many other things that Isobel Angus did, but I have time to tell you only one. The tenants were bound to sweep their stair once every day, and to wash it twice a week. But as they said, when asked why they didn't wash their own and their children's faces a little oftener, what was the use of washing them ? they would be just as black again in half-an-hour's time.

But Daft Bell loved cleanliness, and not only swept the entry, and washed the landing and the four steps, faithfully when it was her own turn, but willingly, as she had the time to spare, swept and washed them for her neighbours, and not only twice a week, but once every day. She waited till after ten at night, and then in the morning everything was dry and as white as pipe-clay could make it. Of course it made her neighbours angry, and their boys had orders to make as great a mess with their feet at her door as they could, and they did it, and did it for months. But every morning everything was sweet and beautiful once more, and the boys began to be ashamed, and the girls used to bring out their mothers' besoms and sweep the pavement and play at tidying house, and before six months were gone the plague of cleanliness, as one woman put it, had infected every one of them so much that the look of the whole property was changed, and the factor felt justified in adding ten

shillings to all their rents except Daft Bell's, and to hers he added a pound !

CHAPTER VII.

But in God's reckoning that pound she lost had already gained ten.

William Tyndale.

TYNDALE, whose name I hope you have been often hearing and reading about last month, was the first Englishman who translated the Holy Scriptures from the original Greek and Hebrew. His version of the New Testament was published in 1525, his Pentateuch in 1530. It is owing to him that the English of our Bible is at once so simple and so noble, for it was he who set the style that all his successors followed. We should thank God upon every remembrance of him, for we all owe him more than we know.

There is only one specimen of his handwriting known to be in existence. There is a fac-simile of it in Mr. Demaus' Biography of Tyndale (new edition, published by the Religious Tract Society, London, 1886). It is in Latin, and was written while he was a prisoner in the Castle of Vilvorde in Belgium in the winter of 1535. In it he asks the Governor of the Castle to try to let him have a warmer cap and a warmer coat, for the one he has is very thin. He would like also a woollen shirt that belonged to him, and a lamp at night, "*for it is wearisome to sit alone in the dark.*" But above all he entreats him to do



Tediosum ē per tenebras solitarie sedere.

Tediosum est per tenebras solitarie sedere.

Wearisome it is through the darkness alone to sit.



"And He will love thee: He will also bless the flocks of thy sheep."—Deut. 7, 13.

his best to let him have his Hebrew Bible, Grammar, and Dictionary. "And in return," such are the solemn words with which he closes, "may you obtain your dearest wish, provided always it be consistent with the salvation of your soul. But if before the end of the winter a different decision be reached concerning me, I shall be patient, waiting on the will of God, to the glory of the grace of my Lord Jesus Christ, whose Spirit I pray may ever direct your heart. Amen."

On October 6, 1536, he obtained the crown of martyrdom, being first ~~strangled, and then burned.~~ His last recorded words, given in Foxe's Book of Martyrs, were, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes."



Tertius.

I Tertius, who wrote this epistle, salute you in the Lord.—Rom. 16, 22.

WHEN Phidias, the greatest sculptor the world ever saw, put his own likeness in the shield of the goddess Athene whose statue he had made, he was charged with impiety and cast into prison, and there he died, some say of poison, 432 years before the coming of our Lord. But think what Tertius did. We should have said it was the Holy Ghost Who wrote the epistle. The epistle, like the rest of the Bible, is the sword of the Spirit, part of the armour of God, the armour He made for us, and the armour God's Son Himself wore in the days of His flesh. Yet Tertius put his own name on it! And he

did no wrong in doing so, for it was the Holy Ghost Who bade him do it. Read what our Lord said: "Well did *Isaiah* prophesy of you," Matt. 15, 7. "That the dead are raised, even *Moses* shewed, in the place concerning the Bush," Luke 20, 37 R.V. He named the books after the men through whom God wrote them.

But the curious thing is that it is not Paul's name that is in the text, but that of Tertius, and Tertius was only Paul's clerk. For him to add his salutations seems, at first, as absurd as if a message girl, in handing in a letter with her mistress's compliments, were to add her own compliments as well. If Tertius, however, had only been a clerk writing to dictation, Paul would perhaps have said simply, "Tertius, who writes this epistle, salutes you." And that itself would have been honour enough for any man. I remember seeing in Campbeltown Cemetery a ridiculous inscription over the grave of one who had been a doctor in the Navy. One of the sentences ran thus: "The official report on the attack of fever from which the Duke of Edinburgh suffered while stationed at Malta, extending to 16 pages folio, was in his handwriting." What shall one say of the man in whose handwriting *Romans* was written?

One of the things that made Lord Beaconsfield liked even by those who put no trust in him, was the constancy of his love for his personal friends. Men used to watch him leaning on the arm of his private secretary, Mr Montague Corry, and

there were murmurs both of wonder and applause when he made Mr Corry a peer of the realm. The explanation of that step is to be found in the last book he wrote, *Endymion*. In chapter 49, speaking of the time when the hero of his book, Mr Ferrars, became secretary to Mr Wilton, Lord Beaconsfield says: "The relations between a cabinet minister and his secretary are, or at least should be, among the finest that can subsist between two individuals. Except the married state, there is none in which so great a degree of confidence is involved, in which more forbearance ought to be exercised, or more sympathy ought to exist. There is usually in the relation an identity of interest, and that of the highest kind; and the perpetual difficulties, the alternations of triumph and defeat, develop devotion." So must it have been, only in a hundred-fold higher degree, in the case of Paul and Tertius. One who lived at the Court of Queen Victoria has said that her Maids of Honour had all to be warned that they must not imagine themselves indispensable to their Royal Mistress. When their weeks of attendance were over, they were remembered simply as "Number 3," or "Number 4." But the man who wrote to Paul's dictation needed to be more than a patient accurate obedient servant. He would need to be all that, for the writing of his epistles was not the task of a few hours or days or weeks. But he needed to be more. How many persons are there before whom we would dare to expose the work-

ing of our minds, and the working of our hearts? How many are there in whose presence we could kneel in an agony of prayer or sing in an outburst of thanksgiving? Tertius must have been a man whom Paul could take with him into the very presence of God. Does he not well deserve the honour of having at least one verse of the Epistle that he could call all his own? I think we may go further, and say that, when the secrets of the writing of this book are fully known, it will doubtless be found that to Tertius Paul owed many a happy phrase, and perhaps many a glorious thought.

This honour of having one's name linked for ever with the Word of God is one that in different ways every saint may have. The man who translates it into a new tongue; the printer who sets it up in worthy type; the friend who gives us our first beautiful Bible; the minister who makes some text most sweet and unforgettable; the child that gives its pennies to send the Gospel to the heathen; do they not all become true yoke-fellows and partners with the Prophets and Apostles and fellow-workers with God Himself?

There is a wonderful verse in the 24th psalm in which God calls Himself by the name, and the discarded name too, of one of His Own creatures. "This is the generation that seek Thy face, O Jacob." Does not the same thing happen everytime we talk of God's Word as *Brown's Bible*, or *Bagster's*, or speak of consulting *Matthew Henry*?



Reasons for not going to Church. 13th Series.—No. 4.

This young man, who wondered why so many men made such an ado about the difficulty of answering the questions in "Form IV.," and never could understand why people lose their tempers in preparing their Income Tax Returns, is not going to Church to-day, because "there's that Census Paper to fill in, and he expects to have some trouble with it."

1	S	Thou renewest the face of the Earth.— <i>Ps. 104, 30.</i> "April! What a ring of joy in that word, a wellspring of happiness!"— <i>Nansen's Diary, 1894.</i>
2	S	CENSUS WEEK. Present yourselves before the Lord by your tribes.— <i>1 Sam. 10, 19.</i>
3	M	The God of all the families of Israel.— <i>Jer. 31, 1.</i>
4	TU	Are here all thy children?— <i>1 Sam. 16, 11.</i>
5	W	. . him that is not here with us this day.— <i>Deut. 29, 15.</i>
6	TH	And one is not.— <i>Gen. 42, 13.</i>
7	F	The household of the faith.— <i>Gal. 6, 10, R. V.</i>
8	S	They which are written in the Lamb's <i>Book of Life</i> .— <i>Rev. 21, 27.</i>
9	S	The wells of salvation.— <i>Is. 12, 3.</i> "The first thing a West Australia land-owner does is to find hollows, dam them, run drains from them like the spokes of a wheel for as much as two miles to catch every precious drop of rain that falls."— <i>On the Wool Track: C. E. W. Bean.</i>
10	M	He that is athirst, let him come:
11	TU	He that will, let him take the water of life freely.— <i>Rev. 22, 17, R. V.</i>
12	W	Sir, give me this water.— <i>John 4, 14.</i>
13	TH	I will pour water on him that is thirsty.— <i>Is. 44, 3.</i>
14	F	En-hakkore, that is, the spring of him that called.— <i>Judg. 15, 19, R. V.</i>
15	S	Isaac digged again the wells; for the Philistines had stopped them.— <i>Gen. 26, 18.</i>
16	S	Open Thou mine eyes.— <i>Ps. 119, 18.</i>
17	M	I will turn aside, and see this great sight.— <i>Ex. 3, 3.</i>
18	TU	"Behold!" occurs 700 times in the Old Testament, 200 times in the New.
19	W	The works of the Lord are great,
20	TH	Sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.— <i>Ps. 111, 2.</i>
21	F	Thy thoughts are very deep.— <i>Ps. 92, 5.</i> "From 1869 to 1910 Edison has applied for 1328 separate patents, averaging 32 every year, or one about every 11 days."— <i>Dyer and Martin's Life of Edison.</i>
22	S	O Lord, the earth is full of Thy riches.— <i>Ps. 104, 24.</i>
23	S	I come seeking fruit, and find none.— <i>Luke 13, 7.</i>
24	M	From whence then hath it tares?— <i>Matt. 13, 27.</i> "In a good garden soil, well cultivated for at least three years, I measured off 1 square yard, and removed all the seedling weeds by hand on 17th May, 1909. I found 1050. Korsmo, the Danish botanist, found 10,332 in 1½ square yards of a fallow field."— <i>Harold C. Long's Common Weeds.</i>
25	TU	The field of the slothful . . . all grown over with thorns.— <i>Prov. 24, 30.</i>
26	W	He will let out His vineyard unto other husbandmen.— <i>Matt. 21, 41.</i>
27	TH	Explain unto us the parable of the tares.— <i>Matt. 13, 36, R. V.</i>
28	F	Keep thy heart with all diligence.— <i>Prov. 4, 23.</i>
29	S	O God, see if there be any wicked way in me.— <i>Ps. 139, 23.</i>
30	S	Neither give place to the Devil.— <i>Eph. 4, 27.</i> "The wounded lion tried to come on, but staggered. He had not ten seconds to live, but it is a sound principle to take no chances with lions. I fired again and broke his neck."— <i>Roosevelt's African Game Trails.</i>

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXIV.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 5.



"Now, Johnnie, that serves you right. You thought it was a lump of Sugar, and it's Salt!"

"Oh but I like salt!"

Now Ready. "THE MORNING WATCH"
for 1910, Vol. XXIII. Price, One Shilling.

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*Exceeding abundantly above all that we
ask or think. Eph. 3, 20.*

IN the *Life and Inventions* of Thomas Alva Edison, that great American tells us a story about himself. He received one day a message by cable from a Colonel Gourand in London, offering him *Thirty Thousand* for the sole right to use in Britain a new kind of telephone receiver which he had just invented and patented. He cabled back an acceptance of the offer, but when the draft for the money came, he found to his astonishment that it was for *Thirty Thousand Pounds*, and he had thought it *Dollars!* a sum five hundred per cent. greater than he had bargained for.

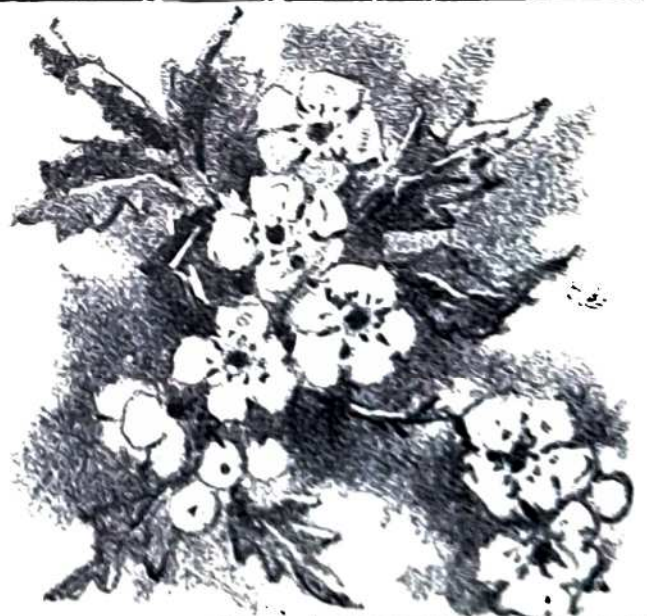
Even 5 per cent. per year, that is a shilling of interest for every pound, surpasses the richest dreams of avarice—our Savings Banks give only three—but 500 per cent., that is five pounds for every pound, takes one's breath away; there is no more spirit in us. If the Lord

should make windows in heaven, might this thing be!

But that is precisely what God does, and He bids us put Him to the test. "Prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." *An hundred-fold* was the interest our Saviour promised His disciples, and an hundred-fold means, not a hundred per cent. but a hundred-hundred, that is, 10,000 pounds per cent. All that here, and infinitude hereafter!

"I thought it was dollars." But when we think in dollars, God never means less than pounds. A bank-note with us in Scotland means one pound, in England it means not less than five. And so with God. His notes are big ones.

That is a fine sentence in Principal Lindsay's Commentary on the Acts, where he contrasts the meaning of the word *Kingdom* as used by the disciples and as used by Christ—"God's meaning is always the wider one."



Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 40.)

33rd
Birth-
day.

On his thirty-third birthday, 17th March, 1813, Dr. Chalmers, "feeling the rapidity of his years," and getting "much comfort in the *command* to believe in Christ," made an entire dedication of himself once more to God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

I ought to have told you in a previous number how he spent the evening before his 31st birthday, a hundred years ago.

He wrote thus : "March 16, 1811. I have brought one year of the Journal to its close ; and though decidedly more religious in my taste, in my temper, in my views, and in my pursuits, I have still much to aspire after. My hourly movements are still too little under its influence ; and while I give God all the glory for the progress which has been made, let me not think that I have already attained or am already perfect ; but forgetting the things which are past, let me look to the things which are before, and press forward to the prize of my high calling in Christ Jesus.

"There is a defect which I must supply in my Journal. It has hitherto exhibited no record of my studies. Let me mark every day when I begin or finish the perusal of any book ; and I find that a second reading should be bestowed upon every important book before I can be said to finish it."

He then gives a rapid sketch of his year's work, and mentions that he has now finally abandoned the study of mathematics and purposes thenceforth an exclusive attention to divinity. Further he prays that the care of the souls of his people may engross more of his time and prayers and strenuous application.

In his Journal next morning he says : "From this day I have added the reading of a chapter to my family worship. I have also begun the New Testament in Greek, and must revive my acquaintance with that language by reading a small portion every night."

Mr. J. K. Stephen, 1859-1892, son of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, the distinguished English Judge, was one of the most brilliant young men of his time, and was destined, in the opinion of all who knew him, for a great career. He was for a time tutor to the late Duke of Clarence, King George's elder brother. Unhappily, however, while he was visiting a friend, he was struck on the head by the vane of a small windmill which was used to supply the house with water. Little was thought of it at the time, but the mischief it did ended in insanity. He was one of the most lovable and genial of men, and a speaker of marvellous power. "He wrote to me," says Mr. Oscar Browning in his *Memories of Sixty Years*, "on his thirty-third birthday, complaining that he 'had done nothing for immortality,' but

33rd
Birth-
day.

before his next birthday he was dead." He published two little volumes of poetry, which have found great favour in the eyes of scholars.

On Oct. 7, 1847, Mrs. Ann Gilbert of Nottingham, 1782-1866, wrote to her son Josiah on his thirty-third birthday with regard to some difficulties he had to face : "However, you have the satisfaction of feeling that hitherto you have scarcely taken one *avoidable* step, and if only you feel you are where Providence has placed or even pushed you, it is abundantly tranquillizing."

34th

The same lady in her *Autobiography* quotes from her diary the reference she made to the thirty-fourth birthday of her brother Isaac Taylor, 1787-1865, a well known writer of religious books : "17th Aug., 1821. Isaac's birthday. Martin left us at four in the afternoon." At a later date she added this note to her entry for that day : "Father, mother, Ann, Jane, Isaac, Martin, Jefferys, and Jemima met for the last time in this world." It is a kind Hand that veils our future, otherwise our wells of laughter would be turned sometimes to founts of tears.

35th

From the Diary of Matthew Henry the Commentator : "Oct. 18, 1697. Through the good hand of my God upon me I have finished my 35th year—one half of the age of man. It is now high noon with me, but my sun may go down at noon. I was affected this morning when alone in thinking *what* I was born—a rational creature—a helpless creature—and a sinful creature : *where* I was born—in the church of God—in a land of light—in a house of prayer : what I was born *for*—to glorify God my Maker and prepare to get to heaven."

Writing to his brother George, 11th Jan., 1849, Sir James Paget the famous surgeon, says : "I thank you very much for your kind good wishes on this, the most momentous of my birthdays, when I end the half of 'the years of man.' I cannot have a happier future in the things of this life : but God grant me a better for those of the next."

In a letter to a friend the late Sir William Broadbent, Bart., 1835-1907, a distinguished physician, says : "I had quite a bad quarter of an hour to-day. I was 35 ; there was really no possibility of any longer imagining myself a boy. It is painful to think how little one has done. I ought to have made my mark in the world before now, and perhaps I have sown some seeds which will germinate one day or other. But how much there is that I feel I can do, and have not yet done, and how time slips away, and how slowly thought is matured and put into shape. Well, I do not intend to have another *mauvais quart d'heure* of the same sort till I am 40, should I be spared so long. I do work after a fashion, and I hope I shall do good to the world in general, and for myself and my own household in particular."

35th
Birth-
day.

Mr. Henry Sidgwick, 1838-1900, a Cambridge scholar and writer on philosophical subjects, wrote thus to his mother, 30th May, 1873 : "When this reaches you I shall be 35 ! I have a sort of fear that I shall be old before I know where my life has gone to. The years are beginning to go with railroad speed." His mother had proposed to send him some little gift, and in telling her some books he would like to have, he adds : "On the whole it seems to me that there is no use in Birthday presents if one does not get one's fancies indulged, and get things which it would be too extravagant to buy."

The Restless Trees.

The trees of the field shall clap their hands.
Isaiah 55, 12.

CHAPTER I.

IT seemed to be always blowing in what we called the gully, and perhaps that was why no birds ever built their nests in either of the trees that stood there. The one was a Horse-chestnut and the other a Lime, and many a time, as they twined their arms and put their heads together, they condoled with one another on that account. Only a hundred yards away there was a clump of elms with a rookery of never less than two hundred nests, and even the scraggy little hawthorn tree on the other side of the road had always a nest or two of singing birds. Forty years now the Chestnut and the Lime had lived in hope, but though now and again a pair of birds would come and look around and say, "These are nice trees, but —," they never said as human beings would have done, "Perhaps we may call again," for it was not etiquette amongst the birds to tell lies, and they never did call again. "And oh it would be so sweet," the two trees would say, "to be rocking the little birds asleep, and to feel their funny tiny claws hold-

ing tight on to us as they balanced themselves in fledging time, and to watch their mothers coming and going and teaching them how to aeroplane." (*Aeroplane* was the fashionable word for *fly* amongst the crows that year.)

CHAPTER II.

Another spring had come, and the two trees sprouted their very best, still hoping against hope. But they said nothing to each other, though each knew what the other was thinking of. They were like a mother whose son has been answering advertisements of vacant situations for months. For a time the two talk about nothing but the post, and the next post, and the last post, and to-morrow morning's post at 7, or the second one at 9 ; but after a while, though they still keep on writing applications, they cease to look for answers, and say nothing, though they sigh inwardly. Another spring and no birds ! but, worse than no birds, came men with ladders and ropes and axes and saws, and almost before the trees had time to know what was a-doing, they and their branches were cracking and crashing and falling down. And never once in all these forty years had they sheltered a



single nest; and now hope was gone, and gone for ever. It had been such a lovely morning, too, such genial sunshine, and no breath of wind, and lover birds were all a-foot, and all a-wing, and all a-mating, and the trees had had a kind of premonition. Something was going to happen; perhaps the birds were coming to them at last.

CHAPTER III.

And the birds did come, but not in the way they looked for. There are fashions amongst feathered bipeds as well as amongst unfeathered ones, and this year it suddenly began to be known in Crowland that no crow's drawing-room suite, or kitchen furniture, for the two things meant the same, was complete without a chestnut side-board, that is a dresser. A side-board cannot be made of less than five pieces, and that provided for a thousand chestnut shoots and twigs, and the shoots and twigs were very glad, though it seemed almost too good to be true.

The Lime was glad, too, and tried to clap its hands, as it lay on the ground, but oh how feebly it could do it, as compared with the days when it waved and swung and tossed its arms in the wind! Still it was glad for its comrade's sake. Perhaps it too might—but no! For presently some gardeners came and took away all its brushwood to make pea-stakes of, and peapods were very good to have, but singing birds would have been better. But there could be no birds now.

And yet birds there were! For

when the brushwood was stacked and piled in several of the gardens round about, the blackbirds came and claimed them as their own, and built, and laid their eggs, and hatched their young and gave them their first lessons in whistling, and taught them how to fly, and all this was done before the gardeners needed the pea-stakes. Then summer came, and the children and the maids came out with little baskets every day, and sang, and laughed, and talked, as they pulled and shelled the peas, and the Lime Shoots clapped their hands once more, and said, "This is better than we ever dreamed of. We have had a double blessing, and the last more than the first, for the children are worth many sparrows! And when the peas are over, we shall be laid aside and kept for another spring, and next year shall be as this, perhaps much more abundant."



A Prize Poem.

And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse.—Malachi 4, 6;
(These are the last words of the Old Testament.)

Last month the *Westminster Gazette* offered a prize amongst its weekly Problems for "the most Harrowing Poem." The *braid Scots* of the winner is not quite perfect, but the tale he tells—to the sorrow and shame of our country be



it said—is only too truly Scotch.

“Ma bairnies, dearies dinna greet,
Just tak’ a dauner doon the street
An’ hae a game.

I canna gie ye ony tea,
But maybe if ye bide a wee
Ye’ll can come hame.

Yer faither’s comin’ doon the brae,
He’ll no be vera kind the day.

Be off the noo.

Ma wee bit pets, ye mauna bide,
Rin quick ere it’s too late to hide,
Yer faither’s fu’ !”

SCOTTIE.

If any boy or girl has a father, or mother, or neighbour, that drinks, he should refuse to go and buy drink for them, no matter how much money he may be offered for going, or how sore a beating he may get for not going. But otherwise he must be as kind and loving to them as possible, and above all he must pray for them, and still pray for them, praying without ceasing ; and who can tell what God may do ?



The Little Milk Boy.

*As the cold of snow in the time of harvest,
so is a faithful messenger to them that
send him ; for he refresheth the soul of
his masters. Prov. 25, 13.*

EVERY morning, as it drew towards seven, the people in a certain neighbourhood watched and listened for the little milk boy’s step, just as men do in Edinburgh for the time-gun at one o’clock. “There he is,” they would say to themselves as they lay in their beds, “5 minutes to seven,” or “2 minutes,” as the case

might be ; “and I’ll have to get up.”

Several things were noticeable about his step. First of all, it was a trot. He was like the sailors in the Navy ; he did everything “on the run.”

Secondly, it was an even trot ; the same interval always between the steps, pat-pat-pat-pat, as if made by some instrument of precision ; then in a few moments, back again, pat-pat-pat-pat.

And thirdly ; even those who never saw the boy felt it to be a cheery trot. One somehow knew that it came and went with a happy face. And so one heard it said by every one who saw the little fellow, or opened the door to him, that a sight of him did one good ; it made a happy beginning for the day. He never spoke, unless to say “thank you” when they handed him back his pitcher or his can, or to answer some question put to him. But his face was always smiling, and wore a contented happy look. His coming and going reminded people of the prophet of whom the woman at Shunem said, “Behold now, I perceive that this is a holy man of God, which passeth by us continually.” When I say people, I mean, of course, the one or two people who knew their Bibles. The people who did not know their Bibles, I need hardly say, were not reminded of the passage. But they had a feeling akin to that expressed by it.

As month passed after month, that step became part of our lives and one unfailing source of daily

joy. And then one day we heard it for the last time. The first day we missed it most of us wondered if we had been asleep, but when a second, and a third, and a fourth passed and we heard no pat-pat-pat, we began to be unhappy, and twenty times a day one would say to himself or to another, "I hope nothing has happened to that little boy!"

I should have told you that like some of our old Scotch eight-day clocks that played a tune every hour from Monday to Saturday, but on the first day of the week played none, showing on their faces, instead, the words, *Remember the Sabbath Day*, so this boy's step was only heard six days a week. His master

was a godly farmer who refused to make his daily rounds that day. But the customer, with whose supply the little fellow daily passed having asked, and asked in vain, that the milk should be brought seven days a week in spite of the commandment, the farmer refused, and another with another and a very different kind of messenger took his place.

* * * * *

But we all often think and sometimes speak of the little milk boy, and we remember the pat-pat-pat, and remembering it sometimes helps us to remember not only the Sabbath, but the Lord of the Sabbath too.

Reasons for not going to Church. 13th Series.—No. 5.

This woman has been telling her visitor how kind the minister's wife was to her when she called at the manse about a situation for her niece. "She was sorry the place had been filled up, but she took me into the drawing-room and gave me such a great big cup of cocoa and two delightful biscuits."

"Yes," says the Visitor, who is a notorious mischief-maker, "that would be the little packet of cocoa 'sufficient to make one large breakfast cup,' and the sample biscuits that the agents of a Yorkshire firm have been distributing from a motor-car all over the country this last week. Did she not give you the cake of chocolate that goes with them as well? No? Ah then she'll be keeping that for the next poor visitor, unless she has eaten it herself, the greedy creature. But if I were you, I would never enter either the church or the manse door again, them and their samples! I would let them see they needn't try to make a fool of me, giving me things that cost them nothing as if I were a pauper!"

And the curious thing is that only yesterday the minister's wife was



laughingly complaining to the policeman that none of the sample-distributors of whom she hears so often ever seem to see the manse because it is hidden behind the trees, but all the beggars in the country find it out easily enough!

1	M	O remember how short my time is.— <i>Ps. 89, 47, R. V.</i>
2	TU	Wait, I say, on the Lord.— <i>Ps. 27, 14.</i> "I can hear nothing of my lost luggage, and I have such an urgent need of my papers. But the Lord's vocabulary is not ours. What we call urgent He may call useless."— <i>Coillard writing to Mr. Waddell, the Artisan Missionary of the Zambesi.</i>
3	W	It is not for you to know times or seasons.— <i>Acts 1, 7, R. V.</i>
4	TH	He is able to guard that which I have committed unto Him.— <i>2 Tim. 1, 12.</i>
5	F	Peace be to you, fear not: I had your money.— <i>Gen. 43, 23.</i>
6	S	Be not therefore anxious.— <i>Matt. 6, 31.</i>
7	S	He shall carry the lambs in His bosom.— <i>Is. 40, 11.</i>
8	M	Jesus, being wearied with His journey.— <i>John 4, 6; Ps. 103, 14; Deut. 15, 15.</i>
9	TU	The old man saw a wayfaring man. . . . Whither goest thou?— <i>Judg. 19, 17.</i>
10	W	The Angel said, The journey is too great for thee.— <i>1 Kings 19, 7.</i>
11	TH	Their soul was much discouraged because of the way.— <i>Num. 21, 4.</i>
12	F	The Samaritan set him on his own beast.— <i>Luke 10, 34.</i>
13	S	Go, and do thou likewise.— <i>v. 37.</i> "A worthy man whom I once took up in my chaise as I rode told me on parting he should thank me by rendering the same service to some future traveller."— <i>Emerson's Journals.</i>
14	S	Yea, all of you gird yourselves with humility, to serve one another:
15	M	For God resisteth the proud.— <i>1 Pet. 5, 5, R. V.</i>
16	TU	Thine eyes are upon the haughty.— <i>2 Sam. 22, 28.</i>
17	W	Pride and arrogancy do I hate.— <i>Prov. 8, 13.</i>
18	TH	An high look, and a proud heart, is sin.— <i>Prov. 21, 4.</i>
19	F	She saith in her heart, I sit a queen.— <i>Rev. 18, 7.</i>
20	S	A man's pride shall bring him low.— <i>Prov. 29, 23.</i> "Self-conceit is self-deceit."— <i>General Gordon in a letter to Sir W. H. Russell, the War Correspondent.</i>
21	S	When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself.— <i>John 21, 18.</i>
22	M	The glory of young men is their strength.— <i>Prov. 20, 29.</i> "In 1884, Mr. R. Percival threw the cricket ball at Durham 140 yards 2 feet. The late Mr. W. Yardley, while a boy at Rugby, threw 100 yards with his right hand and 78 with his left."— <i>Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack for 1911.</i>
23	TU	700 chosen men left-handed; every one could sling stones at an hair-breadth, and not miss.— <i>Judg. 20, 16.</i>
24	W	Neither let the mighty man glory in his might.— <i>Jer. 9, 23.</i>
25	TH	Let him that glorieth glory in this, that he knoweth Me.
26	F	If I speak of strength, lo, He is strong.— <i>Job 9, 19.</i>
27	S	He hangeth the earth upon nothing.— <i>Job 26, 7.</i>
28	S	I go to prepare a place for you.— <i>John 14, 2.</i>
29	M	"Flitting" day in Scotland. When Mr. Gathorne Hardy (afterwards the Earl of Cranbrooke) and his young wife first entered their new home together in 1838, he turned to her and said, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."— <i>Josh. 24, 15.</i>
30	TU	Thou tellest (= numberest) my wanderings.— <i>Ps. 56, 8.</i>
31	W	If a man love Me, My Father will love him, and We will make Our abode with him.— <i>John 14, 23.</i>

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXIV.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 6.

A Rehearsal.



"Now, you are to remember that you are four Duchesses who are bearing Our Royal Canopy, and you are to look Haughty. There must be no giggling, Jizzie Ann M'Tasker. No Duchess ever giggles."

Now Ready. "THE MORNING WATCH"
for 1910, Vol. XXIII. Price, One Shilling.

*Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch,"
1888-1900, are out of print.*

*Vols. XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX.,
XX., XXI., and XXII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904,
1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, may still be had.
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*And round about the throne were four
and twenty thrones, and upon the
thrones I saw four and twenty elders
sitting, arrayed in white garments;
and on their heads crowns of
gold. . . . And they shall cast
their crowns before the throne, saying,
Worthy art Thou, our Lord and
our God.—Rev. 4, 4, 11. Revised
Version.*

THE four-and-twenty elders stand
for the whole company of the
redeemed, who are kings and
priests unto God, and these verses
tell us

1. How they get their crowns, and
2. How they keep their crowns.

They are arrayed in white garments, that is, they are clothed with the righteousness of Christ, and with their own righteous acts which they have done through His grace. Every saint in heaven, even the babe that lived on earth but a few brief moments, though this is hard to understand, shall have a record that will justify his exaltation. Every one of them will resemble the children of a King. Their Saviour will not be ashamed to call

them brethren.

The saints will keep their crowns by casting them at His feet. In Queen Victoria's Journal, Thursday, 28th June, 1838, we are told that one of the things that made the moment of her Crowning "a most beautiful impressive" one, was this: "All the Peers and Peeresses put on their coronets, too, at the same instant." One is not wronging the Peers, or for that matter any gathering of the children of men, in saying that pride compasseth them about as a chain. And this pride they show in many ways, and not least in that repression of emotion, that hiding of their feelings, which they are trained to from their infancy. Lord Kelvin scandalized the House of Lords, on one occasion, we are told, because in the excitement of the moment, when some orator had finished speaking, he so far forgot himself as to clap his hands! We shall doubtless be told in the newspapers of the rapturous and thunderous acclaim at the moment of King George's crowning, but the acclamations then, as Dean Stanley says of those at the Coronation seventy-three years ago, will be faintly given, for the Peers will be thinking chiefly each of his own dignity. It would not become them to cheer, or cry out, like common men!

In heaven the saints will marvel more and more, as eternity goes on, at their own unworthiness. The crowns their Saviour puts upon their heads they will cast, lovingly and reverently, at His feet with one accord.

And casting their crowns at His feet means, further, that they are ready for fresh service. All they are and have they will lay at His disposal. But who can answer the question that such a thought

as that suggests? When the saints are all filled with the fulness of God, what tasks will be great enough to occupy their powers? and where are they to find them?

Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 53.)

35th
Birth-
day.

"As I went into Dr. Johnson's room the morning of my birthday, 27th January, 1776," says Mrs. Thrale, "I said to him, 'Nobody sends me any verses now because I am thirty-five years old; and Stella (Dean Swift's friend) was fed with them till forty-six,' he burst out suddenly :

'Oft in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five ;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five !
Could philosophers contrive
Life to stop at thirty-five,
Time his hours should never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
High to soar, and deep to dive,
Nature gives at thirty-five.
Ladies stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five ;
For howe'er we boast and strive,
Life declines from thirty-five :
He that ever hopes to thrive
Must begin by thirty-five ;
And all who wisely wish to wive
Must look on Thrale at thirty-five.'

'And now,' said he, as I was writing them down, 'you may see what it is to come for poetry to a Dictionary-maker; you may observe that the rhymes run in alphabetical order exactly.'

The phrase, 'Life declines at thirty-five,' as we learn from a letter of Dr. Johnson's written four years afterwards when he himself was seventy-one, was a saying of Galen's, a famous Greek physician who was born at Pergamus 130 A.D. and died in Sicily about the year 201. Galen and Mrs. Thrale both lived to be eighty !

Young people whose birthday falls at New Year time sometimes find fault with their lot ; one present does duty for both, to the evident satisfaction of their friends ! I have heard a man say that as a child he felt it a grievance that his birthday always came on in the Communion week, and in those days there was public worship in the churches, at that season, on the Thursday, Saturday, and Monday. There would have been no "dumpling" for him in any case,

35th
Birth-
day.

probably, for a birthday was little regarded then, but its occurrence at such a solemn time made feasting out of the question. To those of you who feel a little sad when your birthday happens to be a Sabbath, let me commend what Mrs. Gilbert said to her son on his 35th birthday in 1849. "I think there are some advantages in a Sabbath birthday succeeded by a Monday festival. There are two sets of thought and feeling, so diverse, to which a birthday gives rise, but though diverse, not opposite or destructive of each other. How many glad and cheerful, even gay feelings, will befit the Monday! And for the Sabbath, how much there is in the inscription on one of these mile-stones that is emphatically Sabbath reading! . . . If I have a pleasant thought about you, it is that you have taken a voluntary stand among the friends of Christ."

36th

"Your Majesty is surely right in terming your cousins young men. If the health and constitution be good, thirty-six is a young man, twenty-nine and thirty-two very young men, and twenty-five quite a boy."—*Lord Melbourne writing to Queen Victoria, 19th June, 1842.*

Mr. Gathorne Hardy, afterwards First Earl of Cranbrooke, 1814-1906, wrote thus in his Diary on his 36th birthday: "Oct. 1, 1850. Another birthday come and all around me safe and well as before. Nothing to detract from our happiness and enjoyment. Seldom indeed has so large a family as ours passed through so many years without deeper sorrows than have fallen to our share. Oh! may God give me a thankful heart, and a wiser mind to take more advantage of the opportunities given to me! May the coming year, if I am spared through it, mark a progress in me, religiously, morally, intellectually, and, if it be best for me to be advanced in the world, professionally. May my dear wife find me a better husband and my children a better father than I have ever yet been! I must be studying the characters of my boys with a view to their future career."

37th

Mr W. E. H. Lecky, the distinguished Irish historian, 1838-1903, while busy at the first volumes of his *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, wrote in April, 1875: "What vexes me more than I can say is that I clearly see it is simply impossible for me to have finished my two volumes by the end of the year, and this implies that they will not come out till the following November. History is so long and life is so short, and some three weeks ago—March 26—I passed my thirty-seventh birthday—a great age."

The Challenge Cup.

*And the king went along the highway,
loving as they went.—1 Sam. 6, 12.*

CHAPTER I.

TOM HALLIARD, the young tenant of Woodbarns farm, was in

high spirits on the morning of the Cattle Show day, the 20th of May. A week of rain had been followed by a week of great heat, but on this day the heat was tempered by a gentle breeze. He had won the Twenty-guinea Challenge Cup pre-



sented by Admiral Sir Richard Ramshorn, K.C.B., for the best cow in milk, the two previous years. If he won it to-day, it would become his own property, or rather, it would become *hers*. Not the cow's! but his sweetheart's, for he was to be married on the 31st. Everyone knew he was sure to win, for the cow he had entered for the competition had all the points in perfection that such a cow should have, and that morning she was looking her very best. I almost think she knew she was the destined winner of a Cup, for she was intelligent above many her equals, and she could see that her master was both proud and fond of her.

Tom's sweetheart, who was the eldest daughter of a neighbouring farmer, had come with her mother to spend the day at the farm, for there were two rooms to be papered and some other things to be attended to. She went with him to the turn of the road, 400 yards away, and playfully telling the cow that she carried Caesar and his fortunes, warned Tom not to come home without the Cup; and then, rebuking herself, added, "or something better than the Cup." Tom wasn't quite sure what she meant, and ruminated over that saying a good deal as he went slowly on his way. Nor do I think she knew herself exactly what she meant, only she had felt ashamed at seeming to speak as if the Cup were everything.

Along with Tom there went, I should have told you, his byreman Alec. When they were round the

bend, and had come to Alec's cottage, they found Alec's wife and her five children waiting to wish them good speed. "And see and behave yourself," she said to her goodman. It is a common farewell salutation that, one that some of us have heard at railway stations, and elsewhere, a hundred times, and generally spoken with a laugh, but it is a phrase with a tremendous depth of meaning in it, how tremendous only God and some hearts that have been broken know.

CHAPTER II.

I call this chapter 2, but by rights it should be chapter 1, for it goes back, far back, and is indeed the foundation on which the whole story rests.

Tom Halliard was one of whom we may say that he prayed always, but on Cattle Show Day he came unusually close to God.

It was eight years now since his father had died, and fifteen since his mother had entered into her rest. The Show Day had been the terror of her life for many a weary year. It meant, on her husband's part, the beginning, as a rule, of a long drinking bout. And the last one she lived to see was the saddest and most shameful. Almost her last words to her son were, "You'll be as kind to your father as you can, and maybe our prayers will be answered yet."

But her husband was not at her funeral.

Whether God ever answered her prayers or not I cannot say, but this I know that Tom had many a sad heart. There were parts of the road to the farm that had such awful

memories for him, that he never passed them without standing still a moment to pray to God. There were three or four common stones on the roadside, too, that were Bethels, places where he had made vows.

The loving concern he had felt for his father he transferred to all the workers on his farm, and they knew it.

CHAPTER III.

On the day of our story, as he went on his way, a cloud somehow seemed to fall upon his spirits. He felt a strange uneasiness, a foreboding of impending evil, a foreboding that grew and grew, till at last he could stand it no longer. He had come at that instant to a part of the road where his father had once used cruel words to him, and the scene rose up before his memory with fearful vividness.

"Alec," he said to his man at last, "I don't know why it is, but I am somehow greatly put about, and the two of us will just pray a moment together."

So the two prayed, and went on their way again.

CHAPTER IV.

The publican who leased the refreshment tent was himself a teetotaler—and that is far and away the worst kind of publican—but he hated all teetotalers bitterly, and specially the young farmer of Woodbarns, through whose long-continued efforts the right to run a Temperance Tent had at last been won from the Cattle Show Directors. It was one of the publican's great ambitions to make some of Mr. Halliard's workers the worse of

drink. "I'll pay him off for the money he has lost me these two years, I don't care what it costs me."

CHAPTER V.

The Judges had gone over the Cows' Section once, and were now going over it the second time, not in any doubt as to the first prize; it was the awarding of the second that was their difficulty. Suddenly Mr. Halliard heard a great burst of laughter from the publican's tent. Looking round he saw his man Alec in the centre of a little group, and oh how his heart grew cold and heavy within him!

There was but one thing to do. And he did it.

He went forward to the tent, and into the group, paid the 6d Alec had spent, and then took him by the arm.

"We are going home at once, Alec. Fetch Buttercup."

"But we'll lose the Cup, sir."

"The Cup's nothing."

"But they'll object."

"It doesn't matter whether they object or not."

There was a great scene amongst the onlookers when Alec loosed Buttercup, and some of them tried to prevent him. And there was another scene when the Judges heard what had been done, and still another when they reported it to a hastily summoned meeting of Directors. But it would take half-an-hour to tell it all.

CHAPTER VI.

They were two miles on their way before Mr. Halliard spoke.

"I don't know, Alec," he said at last, "that I acted quite wisely. But God will forgive me, and I hope you will, too, if I did wrong. But I was striving for your soul. Oh man, I have seen so many young fellows ruined at these Shows! A man that is once drunk is never the same man all his days."

When they came to the third milestone where the spring is, Mr. Halliard gave Alec some sandwiches and fruit that he had bought at the Temperance Tent; and then they sat and talked for two hours as men rarely do to one another. And they set up on the hillside another Bethel that afternoon, a stone apiece, for to both of them, and specially to Alec, that place became the very gate of heaven.

CHAPTER VII.

It is hardly necessary to say that Alec's wife, at first, was greatly put about, but as her husband told the story of all that had happened on the road, her heaviness was turned to a joy that never passed away.

I should have told you that poor Buttercup seemed to feel as keenly as any the change in the fortunes of that day. She had had hosts of visitors from the moment she was placed in her pen, and every visitor had left her an admirer, and she knew it. And then it all ended in a moment, and she had to take the road! No wonder she lowed the whole way home.

It was her lowing that brought Tom's sweetheart to the door.

"Have you not brought the Cup?" she asked, for she saw by his face that something strange had happened.

"No," he said, "but I've brought back something better. I've brought Alec home sober." And then he told her all that he had done, and why; because, of course, she had a right to know, and how he and Alec on the hillside had made a covenant with God.

"And you did well, Tom," she said "in letting the Cup go." Then, after a little, she added, "and, do you know, I think Buttercup is just like the Kine that went lowing along the road to Beth-shemesh; it was carrying the Ark of God, though it didn't know it. And yet maybe it did! Who knows?"

CHAPTER VIII.

When the old Admiral Sir Richard heard what Mr. Halliard had done, he was perfectly furious, for, you see, he took it into his head that the young farmer didn't wish to put him to the expense of offering a new Cup, and no sailor can bear to be thought capable of being mean. And he wouldn't rest, and couldn't, till he had found out all that was at the bottom of Tom Halliard's action, and then he said that for a land-lubber it was well meant, though a sailor, he thought, could have done it better!

CHAPTER IX.

On Tom's wedding day the assembled guests and the bride and bridegroom saw to their amazement the Admiral's wagonette drive up to the door.

"My wife and I both wished to come, and our three girls wouldn't stay away. But don't be afraid, we shall only wait for a little and then

leave you to your friends. And we'll take the minister away with us, and that will make you still happier! Don't deny it! And Lady Ramshorn has brought you a little gift, and we both hope you'll get many

a cup out of it for the one you lost by breaking the rules at the Cattle Show ; only they will be cups that cheer but not inebriate! You see, old sailor though I am, I haven't forgotten all my book-learning yet!"



Their First Introduction to the Sea.

The ox knoweth his owner.—Isaiah i, 3.

THE late Sir William Butler in his *Autobiography* says that while visiting Southern India in 1863 he saw at Quillon, on a little promontory rising from the water, a stone monument with a touching history.

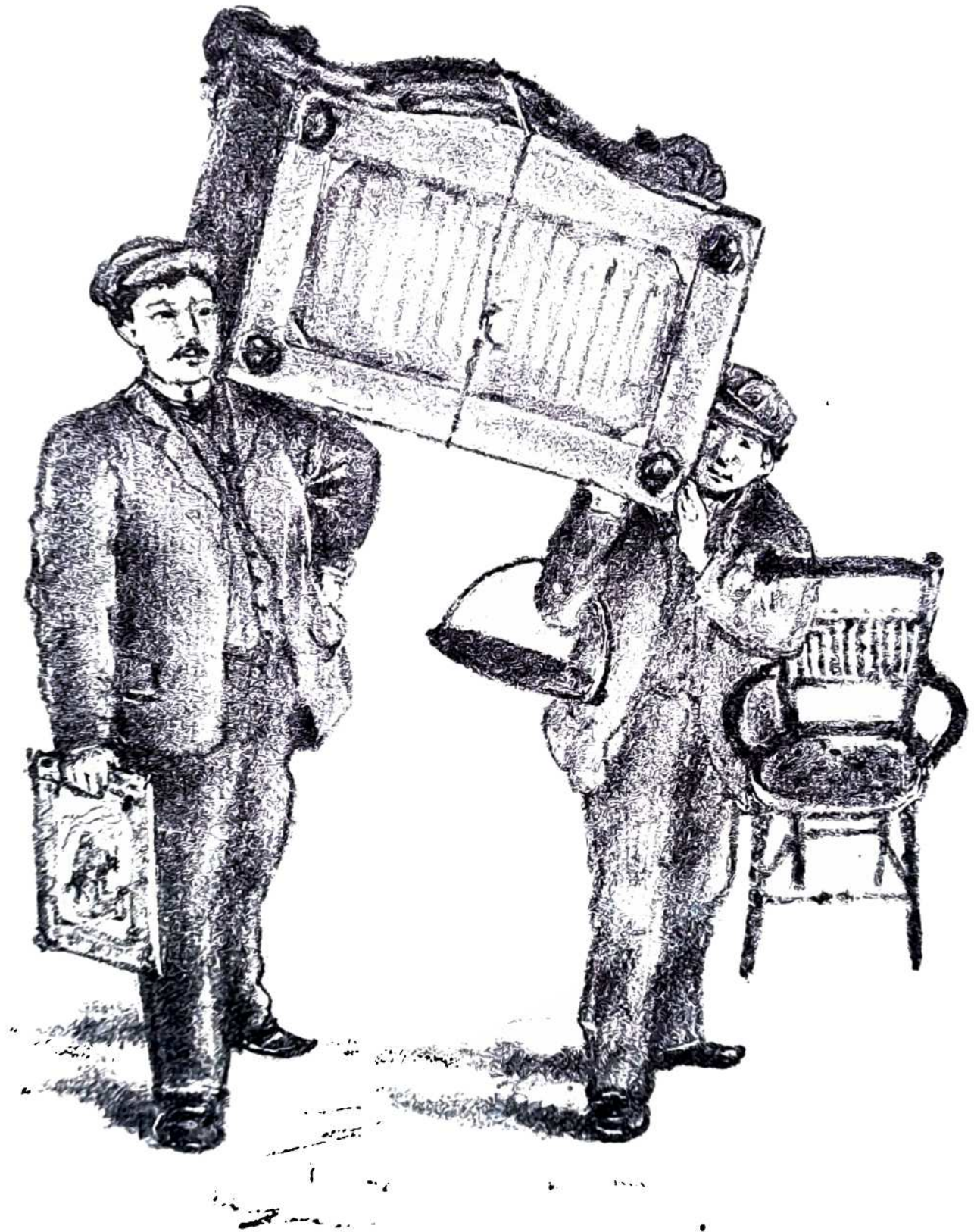
Many years before, a certain Colonel Gordon had been resident at Quillon. He was the owner of a large Newfoundland dog. One morning Gordon was bathing in the lake off this promontory; the dog lay by his master's clothes on the shore. Suddenly he began to bark in the most violent manner. Gordon, unable to see any cause for the animal's excitement, continued to swim in the deep water. The dog became more violently excited, running down to the water's edge at one particular point. Looking in the direction to which

the animal's attention was drawn, the swimmer thought that he could perceive a circular ripple moving the otherwise smooth surface of the water. He guessed at once the whole situation: a very large crocodile was swimming well below the surface, and making in his direction. The huge reptile was already partly between him and the shore. The dog knew it all. Suddenly he ceased barking, plunged into the water, and headed in an oblique line so as to intercept the moving ripple. All at once he disappeared from the surface, dragged down by the huge beast beneath. When the dog found that all his efforts to alarm his master were useless, he determined to give his own life to save the man's, and so Colonel Gordon built the monument on the rock above the sea, and planted a casarina tree to shadow it.

Reasons for not going to Church. 13th Series.—No. 6.

This man, who has asked his neighbour to help him to take a mahogany chest of drawers to his new house little more than a mile off, and has given him besides a girdle and a chair to carry as they will hook easily on to his arms—he himself preferring to take charge of a small engraving of "The Good Samaritan" as it is glass and easily broken and is a picture he and his wife are uncommonly fond of—has left the church because one of the elders recently asked him to give the church-officer a hand in re-arranging the forms in the hall for the Sabbath-school.

"And it took me, I can tell you, nearly a quarter of an hour. I suppose they thought that as I was only a working man they could get me to do anything they liked, but I have let them see that people make a mighty mistake when they try to impose on a fellow because he is good-natured, and don't you



agree with me, Charlie?"

"Indeed I do, Tom, for you never said a truer word, and I can sympathise with you; I have been made a beast of burden myself in my day!"

1	TH	Weep with them that weep.— <i>Rom. 12, 15.</i> “At the battle of Santiago, as the Spanish ships were sinking, our blue-jackets began to cheer. Said Admiral Philip: ‘Don’t cheer, boys. They are dying over there.’”— <i>Smalley’s Anglo-American Memories.</i>
2	F	Neither speak proudly in the day of distress.— <i>Obad. 12, R. V.</i>
3	S	Who is weak, and I am not weak?— <i>2 Cor. 11, 29.</i>
4	S	Their soul shall be as a watered garden.— <i>Jer. 31, 12.</i>
5	M	I will water it every moment.— <i>Is. 27, 3.</i>
6	TU	The scent of water.— <i>Job 14. 9.</i> “A large oak draws from the soil and breathes through its leaves into the air from 10 to 20 gallons of water in a day; barley, beans, and clover, during the five months of their growth use 200 times their dry weight in water.”— <i>Harold Long’s Common Weeds.</i>
7	W	Can the flag (or reed-grass) grow without water?— <i>Job 8, 11.</i>
8	TH	Thou makest the earth soft with showers.— <i>Ps. 65, 10.</i>
9	F	Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.— <i>Is. 55, 1.</i>
10	S	The river of God is full of water.— <i>Ps. 65, 9.</i>
11	S	Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord.— <i>Luke 19, 38.</i>
12	M	He was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood:— <i>Rev. 19, 13-16.</i>
13	TU	And His name is called The Word of God.
14	W	On His vesture a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.
15	TH	Thy King cometh, sitting on an ass’s colt.— <i>John 12, 15.</i> For the coronation journey of Frederick I. of Prussia 30,000 posthorses and 1800 carriages were ordered. . . . The diamond buttons on his coat cost £1500 apiece.— <i>Carlyle’s Frederick the Great.</i>
16	F	Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe.
17	S	And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the man!— <i>John 19, 5.</i>
18	S	He removeth kings, and setteth up kings.— <i>Dan. 2, 21.</i>
19	M	The men did observe whether anything would come from him.— <i>1 Kings 20, 33.</i> His shadow shall be watched, his step or stalk Become a comfort or a portent, how He trails his ermine take significance. — <i>Browning’s Colombe’s Birthday.</i>
20	TU	Say unto the king and to the queen, Humble yourselves.— <i>Jer. 13, 18.</i>
21	W	The people looked; and, behold, the king had sackcloth upon his flesh.— <i>2 Kings 6, 30.</i>
22	TH	Be wise now, therefore, O ye kings; kiss the Son— <i>Psalms 2.</i>
23	F	Thou shalt be a royal diadem in the hand of thy God.— <i>Is. 62, 3.</i>
24	S	The king went to his palace, and passed the night fasting.— <i>Dan. 6, 18.</i>
25	S	I am the light of the world.— <i>John 8, 12.</i>
26	M	A cloud received Him out of their sight.— <i>Acts 1, 9.</i>
27	TU	Clouds and darkness are round about Him.— <i>Ps. 97, 2.</i>
28	W	Behold, He cometh with the clouds.— <i>Rev. 1, 7, R. V.</i>
29	TH	The cloud of the Lord.— <i>Numb. 10, 34.</i> “As we stood watching the slowly moving clouds one lovely night Lord Kelvin said, ‘All these shapes are produced by a definite cause if we only knew it.’”— <i>Reminiscences by John Macleod, I.S.O.</i>
30	F	Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds?— <i>Job 37, 16.</i>

July, 1911.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXIV.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 7.

Sandbuilding.



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*But I say, Have they not heard.
Yes, verily.—Rom. 10, 18.*

TO most people their first visit to London is such a big event that they expect the booking-clerk at the railway station, when they ask him for a ticket, to hold up his hands in amazement, or do some other "great thing," which will show that he appreciates the magnitude of the occasion; and when he simply says "£2 12s, please," and says it with the same tone as that with which he would say one-and-fourpence, one feels hurt. But one's disappointment is at its greatest when one finds that a ticket to the great Metropolis is of common cardboard, no better and no bigger than a ticket to a village one short mile away. One had expected everything on such a day to be done in the grand manner. A ticket to London should have been a noble document, like a passport, with worthy blazonry on it! Tickets, one feels, should be dressed, or got up, like people, according to their station.

In like manner one looks for a difference between the envelope that encloses an account, and that which brings a letter from a friend or an invitation to a marriage or a feast. In these latter we expect a certain handsomeness. They must look as those do who know that they are welcome.

The invitations, or rather the summonses, to the Coronation a few days ago were on sheets of cardboard 13½ inches broad by 11¼ inches deep. They bore themselves with pomp and dignity, as coming from a King. And they were made large for two reasons.

1. That they might not be lost.

We sometimes hear of letters finding their way into newspapers, or slipping inside some other document. A message from the throne must run no risks.

And 2. That they might not be hid. There are letters that can be slipped into our hands, and slipped into our pockets, and no one be the wiser. But a King's Command proclaims itself, and forces all to say, "What is that enormous thing that you have got?" So is it with the Gospel Proclamation, which is an Invitation to the Marriage of the King of kings. If people will not believe the report brought by God's messengers, they cannot say they did not hear it. If they disobey the writing they cannot say they could not read it. For it is writ large, and written everywhere. It is written in our hearts, and written in the Bible, and written in what we call the Book of Nature. There is

no blade of grass that does not proclaim God's Name, no bush in which His glory does not dwell, no tree that does not clap its hands and bid us come to God, yea, the great globe itself was made by Christ and speaks for Christ. And then

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright
gold.

There's not the smallest orb which
thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed
cherubins.

And what song do the Angels sing
but this: Glory to God in the
highest, and on earth peace, good-
will toward men! All things are
ready: come unto the marriage.

Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 64.)

37th
Birth-
day.

"Nov. 22, 1835. 'Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee' these seven-and-thirty 'years, to humble thee, and to prove thee, and to know what was in thine heart.' . . . This day—how changed it is to me now—no longer one of any pleasure—I feel as though I would rather wish it forgotten than noticed. And I am tempted to feel that for others it is now a day that is worthless; but this is a temptation arising from wounded feelings, not the truth of a thankful and submissive spirit. By this last I know and can at times feel that my life, though no longer of equal value, is still a precious one to many."—*Maria Hare's Journal*.

On June 18, 1871, Mr. Spurgeon, who had been ill for some time wrote thus to his Congregation: "On the closing day of my thirty-seventh year, I find myself the Pastor of a beloved flock, who have borne the test of twelve Sabbaths of their minister's absence, and the severer test of more than seventeen years of the same ministry, and are now exhibiting more love to him than ever. . . . Peace be with you, and the Lord's Own anointing!" The first text he preached from after his recovery was Psalm 71, 14: "But I will hope continually, and will yet praise Thee more and more."

"Thirty and eight years . . . a long time." A long time even in the estimation of our Lord. *John 5, 5-6.*

"March 26, 1857. My thirty-eighth birthday. This is rather a serious consideration, and one that gives cause for much reflection."—*The late Duke of Cambridge's Diary*.

Sir John Cam Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton, 1786-1869, speaks thus of himself on June 27, 1824: "My birthday! 38! As for myself I find I have sunk into a complete valetudinarian . . . I find everything palls upon me, and the prospect that by the common

38th
Birth-
day.

course of nature, myself, and those of whom I am fond, cannot add but must lose gradually the capacity for enjoyment, makes me look with distaste upon what may remain of existence." Hobhouse was a companion of Lord Byron's, and these despairing words remind one of that poet's painful lines on his thirty-third birthday, January 22, 1821 :

Through life's dull road, so dim and dirty,
I have dragged to three-and-thirty.
What have these years left to me ?
Nothing—except thirty-three.

They remind one, too, of those other sad lines written on the day he completed his thirty-sixth year :

My days are in the yellow leaf ;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone ;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone.

The entry in Hobhouse's Diary concludes more hopefully, however. "Whilst I am thinking on the return of this sad day, the Greek Deputies call upon me"—it was the time when Greece was struggling for her freedom against the Turks—"and remind me that there is a duty still to perform in life, and I also receive a letter from the debtors in Horsemonger Gaol in which the poor fellows thank me for presenting their petition in the House of Commons, in terms which, if they were justified by my real conduct and character, might reconcile a man fond of praise to the weight of existence. It seems the magistrates have, in consequence, recommended a relaxation in the rules of the prison." To be up and doing something for anybody, and specially something in a good cause, is one of God's remedies for discontent.

39th

Charles Loring Brace, 1826-1890, a great American philanthropist, wrote thus to his wife, June 19, 1865 : "Dearest Wife : Thirty-nine ! How old I seem ! How strange that youth is gone, and middle age at hand ! So few years left ! So near the great ending, the best part of life's work nearly done, the awful problem of existence almost solved, and character becoming fixed for *saecula saeculorum*—ages of ages."

"June 19, 1873 ;" writes Mr. Spurgeon in his *Diary*, "This is my thirty-ninth birthday, and I desire to bless God for sparing and blessing me, and for giving me, as one of His choicest gifts, my own dear precious wife."

40th

On the Sabbath before his fortieth birthday, June 14, 1874, his text was Deuteronomy 2, 7 : "The Lord thy God knoweth thy walking through this great wilderness : these forty years the Lord thy God hath been with thee, thou hast lacked nothing."

John Evelyn, 1625-1706, a courtier in the time of Charles II., and yet a God-fearing man, says in his *Diary*, 31st Oct., 1660 : "Arrived now

40th
Birth-
day.

to my fortieth year, I rendered to Almighty God my due and hearty thanks."

"June 12th, 1859. This is my fortieth birthday. What a long life I have lived! and silly fellows that review my books say that I can never have known ill-health or sorrow. I have known enough to make me feel very old—happy as I am now; and I am very happy."
—*Letter of Charles Kingsley to Thomas Hughes.*

Sir Edward Burne-Jones, 1833-1898, the painter, writing to a friend, Aug. 23, 1873, says: "A little line of love and remembrance for your birthday from an old, old man—take no notice of his birthday, please, which comes so soon—I refuse to reckon on which day, and have forbidden all mention of it. I turn a corner quite dreadful to me, when 3, which is a pretty figure, changes to 4, which is dull and prosy." Sir Edward, says his biographer, had a personal feeling about numbers; would say that sixteen was commonplace, seventeen romantic, and so on.

The Monkey-Puzzle.

Neither is anything hid that shall not be known and come abroad.—Luke 8, 17.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN any one says, "Oh, there is a Monkey-Puzzle!" the correct thing to do is to say with a pained air, "Yes, an *Araucaria*." That shows that one is not only a botanist but a superior person as well, one who has no vulgarity about him.

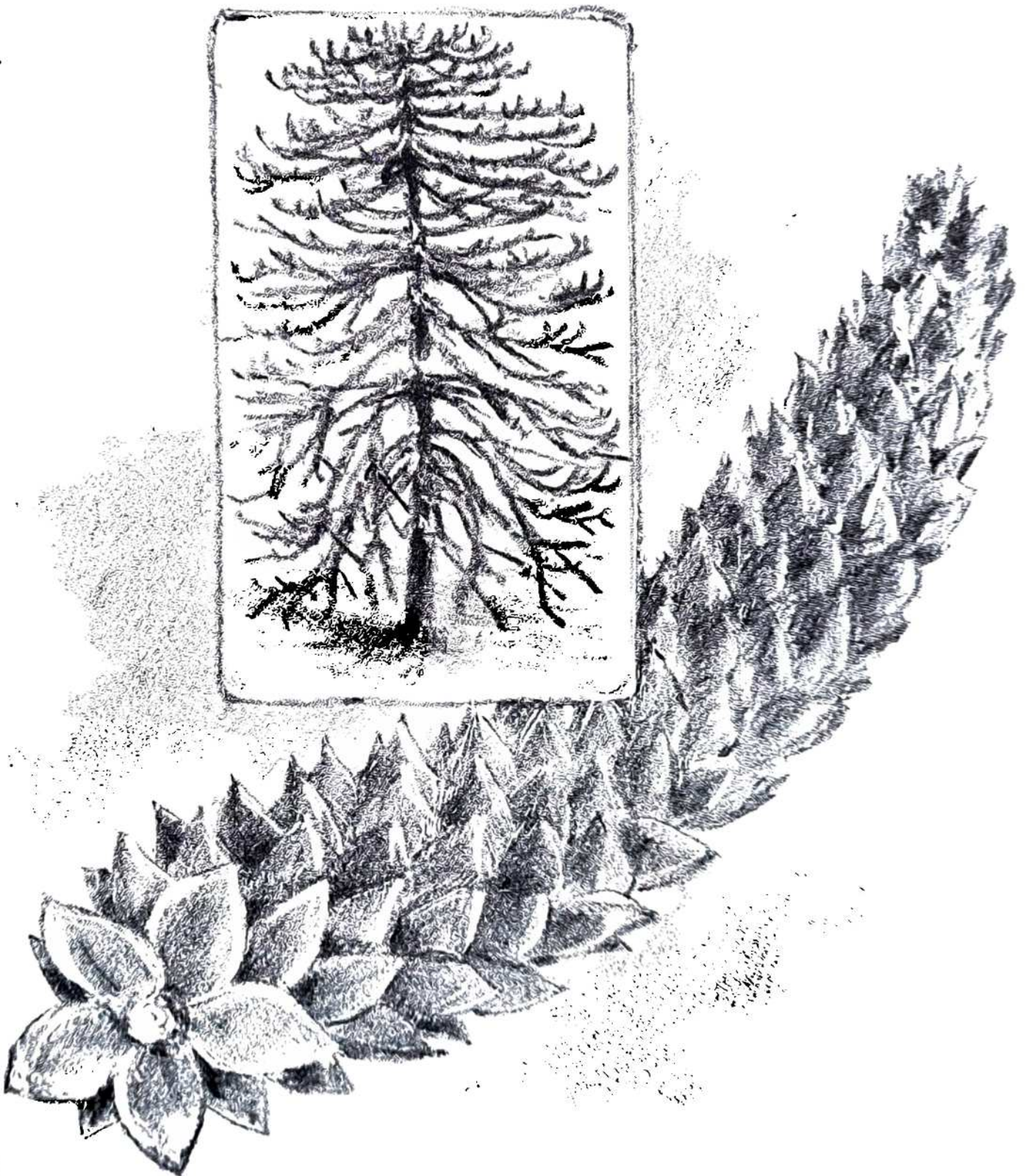
Then the correct thing to answer is, "Yes, *Araucaria Imbricata*; a most interesting and expressive name; of course you know the derivation of the word?" Then the other person says, "I can't say I remember it at present." And then you say, "Isn't it named after that part of Chili that the tree comes from, where the Araucos Indians live? And, of course, *Imbricata* means *tiled*, because the leaves lie over one another like tiles on a house-top."

And then the superior person begins with shame to take the lowest room.

The leaves of this tree are set very close together, so close that the stem from which they spring cannot be seen. Round this stem, as if singing a "Song of Degrees," they go in a spiral track with whose sweet gradient the ascent by which King Solomon went up was not, in all its glory, to be compared.

At the point of the branch where the young shoots are, there are 50 or 60 leaves to the inch; further up, as the leaves become bigger and stronger, 30 or 20, and all so beautifully arranged that if one breaks the stem at any part, the leaves at the broken ends look like the points on the mariner's compass-card, or, to use a higher similitude, like a long train of glittering stars.

These leaves, further, are full of resin, so full that I have often seen four or five of them, when dry, revive a dying fire. Some people



Monkey-puzzle.

keep a little box of them always near their hearth. I am sure Paul would have been glad of a handful of them that cold wet morning when

he was cast upon a certain island.

CHAPTER 2.

That for which the Monkey-

Puzzle's leaves are best known, and the thing from which it gets its name, is the sharpness of their points, and it was that that troubled poor Miss Elsdale. When the branches of this tree die, the leaves fall off, and the long thin whitish-yellow stems stand out like fishbones, it may be 2, or 4, or 20 inches long. (I am not satisfied with this fishbone simile but I cannot meantime think of a better.) Fifty or sixty of these bare stems give a tree a very sorry unkempt look, and as Miss Elsdale had five araucarias all equally ungroomed, her little plot of ground, as passers-by said often in her hearing, looked somewhat neglected and untidy. Arming herself, therefore, one day with her garden scissors and her leather gloves, and bravely mounting the house-steps, she cut off many of the obtrusive naked points, and so improved the appearance of the lower half of one of the trees, that she felt she must do the whole tree and all the other trees as well. But it was sooner said than done, for the trees were tall, and she could not reach their tops, and the branches were so intertwined, in spite of all their symmetry, that to work amongst them was like going into a hornet's nest. When she desisted after two hours' work, her face and neck and arms and hands were scratched and bleeding, and her little shoulder shawl was almost torn to pieces.

Trade was very bad in the summer of our story, and she had not long to wait to find a man who was willing to finish what she had begun.

He was not a gardener, he confessed, and had never done anything of that kind before, but he had strong arms and could stand on a ladder; and what is there that a willing man dare not do?

CHAPTER 3.

He had been working two hours, and, truth to tell, had done little else but grumble at a few scratches he had got, when a young minister, who passed by and observed his miserable plight, suggested that, instead of working with a saw and scissors from a ladder top, he might do well to try a long clothes pole with a deep cleft at the end. That was an easy thing to get, and in five minutes the man had done so much that he saw he was in danger of finding his occupation too soon gone. Miss Elsdale fortunately had gone out to go to town, and he had leisure to hide the clothes pole and lay his plans.

CHAPTER 4.

Many a man, he told her when she came back, had bled less in the course of a long campaign. He felt as if he had been bayoneted—only he said bagonetted—by a regiment of Russians. Clipping the nails of them monkey-puzzles was not work for any man. But he had to live, and so had his wife and five children, and two of them were very ill. Was she willing to make an offer, and he would try to do the trees though it took him a whole week? There was no doubt it would be a great improvement to the place. Would she be willing to spend a pound, though he felt

certain it would take two pounds to buy the sticking-plaster for one side of his face alone. If not, he would take his pay, such as it might be, and go home, but five shillings was the least he could take for what he had done already. When his wife saw him, there would be disturbances, for she would say he had been fighting. For himself he was feeling already symptoms of blood-poisoning, but a man that had a wife and six ailing children had to work, blood-poisoning or no blood-poisoning.

After much bargaining, he accepted her offer of ten shillings, though he assured her his blood and the blood of his family of eight would lie at her door.

CHAPTER 5.

An hour-and-a-half after, he came to her and claimed his ten shillings; he had finished all the trees. When she asked him in words that came to her mind, though she could not at the time recollect where she had read or heard them, "How is it that ye are come so soon?" he told her that an idea had occurred to him; he had seen a clothes-pole lying at the end of the house, and by gripping the bare stems in the cloven end had found he could both reach higher and nip the ends off quicker; it was still cheap at the money, but had it even been twice as much, as it should have been, not only for his sake but for his wife and ten children's sake, she was a lady and would surely not go back upon her word.

"There's your money," she said,

as she gave him his ten shillings, "and if you can make these grow in your hands at the same rate as your children have done, there should at the very least be twenty shillings there."

CHAPTER 6.

Two days afterwards the man was stepping into a publichouse, the third he had visited that day. How his family were managing to live I do not know; I fear me very much not one of them could be living, or ever had lived at all. Well, just as he was stepping to the door, there was an angel, in the shape of the young minister, standing, like Balaam's, in the way.

"I don't think," he said, "you should go in there."

"Did you know the late Mr Webster?" said the man.

"Which Mr. Webster?" said the minister.

"The man that left £150,000."

"I'm sorry I did not," said the minister.

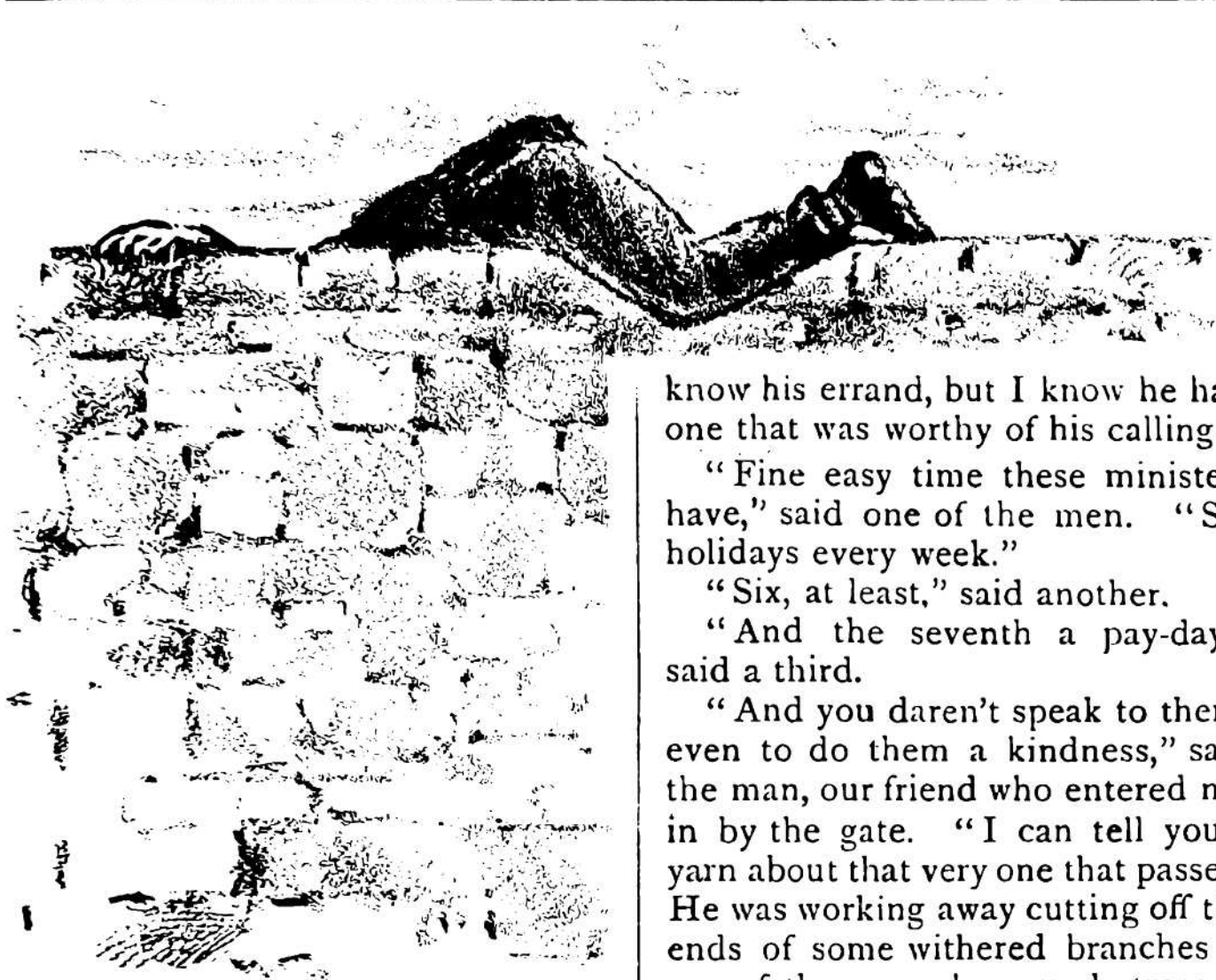
"Do you know how he made his money?" said the man.

"No."

"Well, I can tell you; he made it by *minding his own business!*"

"Oh! I see," said the minister, "and that's just what I was doing when I spoke to you. If either you or I can help a man in any way, *it's our business to do it*. And, by the way, aren't you the man I saw working at the monkey-puzzle the other day?"

"Me? I never set eyes on you before, and I don't care if I never do again."



CHAPTER 7.

A month afterwards, while the ring of spectators at a cricket match were all looking in one direction after a high hard hit that looked as if it were going over the wall into a neighbouring garden, our friend with the supposititious family clambered over another wall on the opposite side of the field, and settling himself down beside some men who were lying on the sloping bank, said, "That's sixpence saved, alias two drinks."

Presently the young minister passed in front of them. I don't

know his errand, but I know he had one that was worthy of his calling.

"Fine easy time these ministers have," said one of the men. "Six holidays every week."

"Six, at least," said another.

"And the seventh a pay-day," said a third.

"And you daren't speak to them, even to do them a kindness," said the man, our friend who entered not in by the gate. "I can tell you a yarn about that very one that passed. He was working away cutting off the ends of some withered branches of one of them monkey-puzzle trees in his garden. You know they are terribly jaggy things, like needles and pins, and there he was on the top of a ladder trying to twist in and out among the branches, and making an awful mess of it, when I said to him, quite civil like, says I, 'Excuse me, sir, I don't know you, but if you had a long pole forked at the end, like what they use in a washing green, you could twist the ends off in no time.' And what do you think he said? Says he, 'Would you kindly attend to your own business, whatever it is, if you have any, and I'll attend to mine?' These were his very words, and I ask you if you would call that man a gentleman."

"Now, look here," said another

lad who had been keeping his eyes fixed on our friend ever since he had joined the little company, "I'm a painter, and I was painting a gate in the garden next the one you were working in that day, and though neither of us saw the other, I couldn't help hearing most of what was said both by you and by the minister about that tree, and I heard the next day from the lady I was working for what you said to the lady that gave you the ten shillings, and as you are good at monkey-tricks, I have a stop-watch, and if you are not back over that wall again in ten seconds, I'll hand you over to this policeman that's coming. One; two; three; four; five; six; seven; eight; nine!"

CHAPTER 8.

"Not bad that! He did it in nine-and-four-fifths, with a fifth to spare. And we are well rid of him!"

Yes, it was another ascent to wonder at, only not spiral this time. Perpendicular!

Φθαρτὸς Στέφανος.

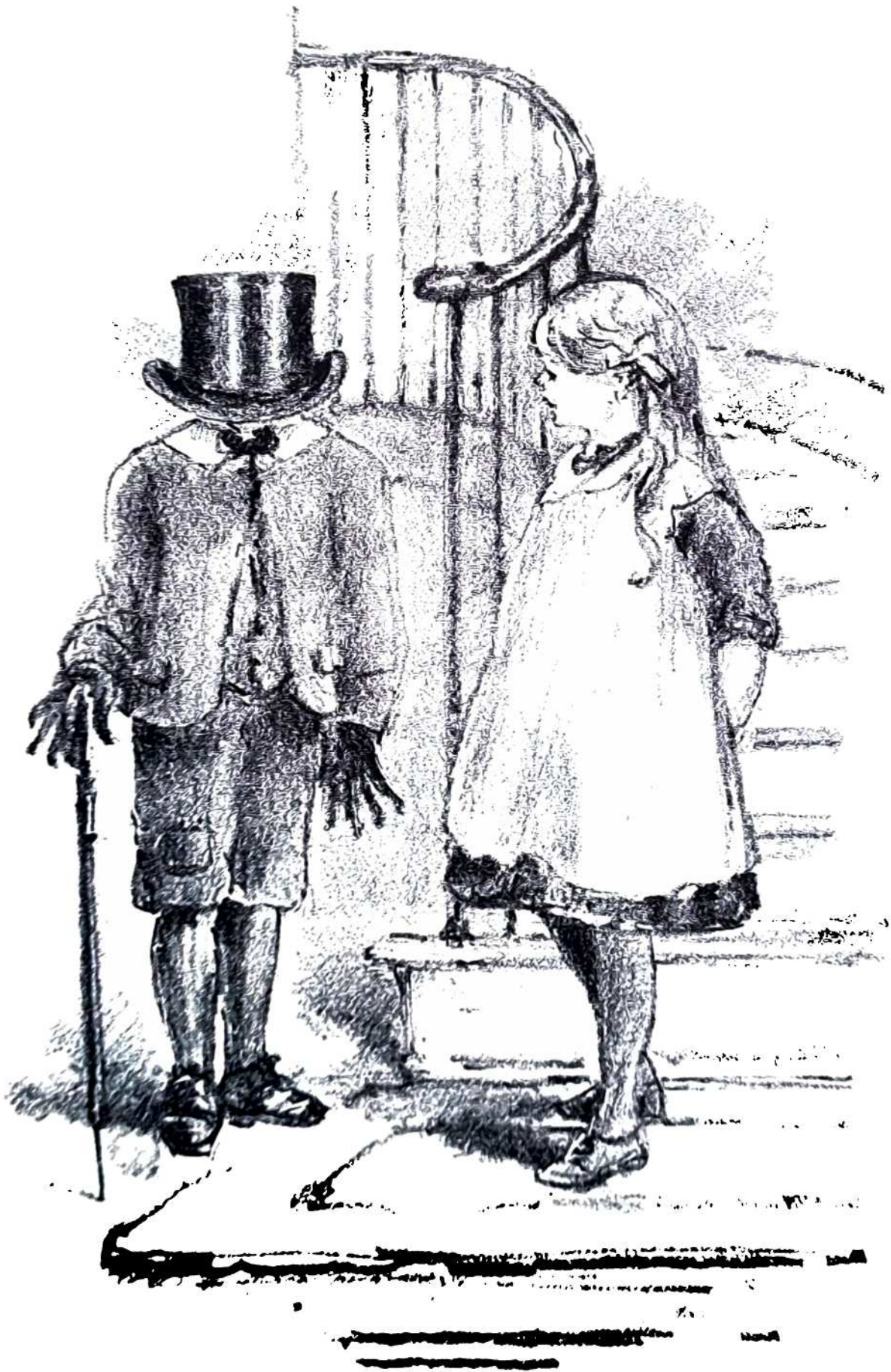
Phthartos Stephanos.—1 Cor. 9, 25.

WHEN Paul spoke of a "perishing crown," he was thinking of a garland won at the Games, not of a King's crown; yet the words are true of that, too. And when the girls on page 73, practising for a competition, made a crown of shells and sand, they were not thinking of the way crowns fade; yet they were uttering a parable.

Lord Palmerston once said that the life of the strongest Parliament majority was not worth four months' purchase. That is equally true of all earthly thrones. In our own day great kingdoms have been overturned, and thrones emptied in less time than that. Nothing is so fickle as a people's goodwill, nothing so treacherous as an army, nothing so helpless as a navy, nothing so deceitful and vain as a king's favour and a queen's beauty, if God's finger once writes—*Mene, Mene, Tekel.*

Reasons for not going to Church. 13th Series.—No. 7.

This man who has been calling on the minister and is coming down stairs though you can't see him, whose wife often boasts that her baby lay for two seconds (surreptitiously) in Queen Mary's Cradle that was shewn in a collection at a Historical Exhibition, has instantly made up his mind to leave the church, because he sees the minister's children trying on his hat and gloves, and that is a kind of vulgar offensive familiarity he will not stand, and there has been a great deal too much of it of late in connexion with the Congregation.



1	S	The praise of men.— <i>John 12, 43</i> . “I know well enough what popularity is worth, <i>Viva</i> to-day, <i>Morte</i> to-morrow.”— <i>Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, 1798-1849</i> .
2	S	The praise of God.— <i>John 12, 43</i> .
3	M	My friends stand aloof.— <i>Ps. 38, 11-20</i> .
4	TU	Mine enemies are lively. Lady John Russell, writing to Lord Dufferin in 1855 speaks of her husband's <i>hissing days</i> , the days when the people turned at him, and says, “I always keep a great many philosophical sentiments in store against them, and find them of infinite service.”
5	W	When my foot slippeth they magnify themselves against me.
6	TH	They changed their minds.— <i>Acts 28, 6</i> .
7	F	He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee.
8	S	Therefore I take pleasure in reproaches for Christ's sake.— <i>2 Cor. 6, 9-10, R. V.</i>
9	S	The Lord hath anointed Me to preach good tidings unto the meek ;
10	M	He hath sent Me to bind up the brokenhearted ;
11	TU	To comfort all that mourn ; (One of the instructions sent out with every Invitation to the Coronation was—“ <i>No one may appear in mourning.</i> ”)
12	W	To give unto them a garland for ashes.— <i>Is. 61, 1-3, R. V.</i>
13	TH	The Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping.— <i>Ps. 6, 8</i> .
14	F	The Angel called out of heaven, and said, What aileth thee?— <i>Gen. 21, 17</i> .
15	S	In all their affliction He was afflicted.— <i>Is. 63, 9</i> .
16	S	O Lord my God, Thou art clothed with majesty.— <i>Ps. 104, 1</i> .
17	M	The spirit of the Lord clothed itself with Gideon.— <i>Judg. 6, 34, R. V. Margin</i> .
18	TU	Strength and dignity are her clothing.— <i>Prov. 31, 25, R. V.</i>
19	W	Stand, girt with truth.— <i>Eph. 6, 14</i> . “The mere rustle of Mr Speaker Peel's robes, as he rose to rebuke a breach of order, was sufficient to awe the most unruly.”— <i>Dasent's Speakers</i> .
20	TH	The Angel's appearance was as lightning . . . the watchers did quake.— <i>Matt. 28, 3, R. V.</i>
21	F	Gird yourselves with humility.— <i>1 Peter 5, 5, R. V.</i>
22	S	Jesus took a towel, and girded Himself.— <i>John 13, 4</i> .
23	S	Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord.— <i>Ps. 127, 3</i> . The word <i>children</i> occurs 1350 times in the Old Testament.
24	M	Children in the temple.— <i>Matt. 21, 15</i> . “It is a horror to go to some churches and see hardly a child in the building.”— <i>Sir A. Fraser, K.C.S.I.</i>
25	TU	The boy Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem.— <i>Luke 2, 43, R. V.</i>
26	W	Ye stand this day before the Lord your God, your elders, your little ones,
27	TH	That thou shouldest enter into the covenant of the Lord.— <i>Deut. 29, 10-13</i> .
28	F	To seek of God a straight way for our little ones.— <i>Esra 8, 21</i> .
29	S	Our little ones shall dwell in the fenced cities.— <i>Num. 32, 17</i> .
30	S	Children saying Hosanna.— <i>Matt. 21, 15</i> . “As an unconscious training in the sense of social service, and in combined, harmonious, unselfish effort, there is nothing to compare with chorus singing, which may be begun in childhood and continued far into advanced age.”— <i>Hon. E. Lyttelton, Headmaster of Eton</i> .
31	M	I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live.— <i>Ps. 104, 33</i> .

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXIV.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 8.

Critics.



"Oh! look at Phemie Eldritch pretending not to see us. She thinks that's a Matinée Hat that she has on, BUT IT ISN'T! She's going to the Coronation, but she's too late! The Coronation's PAST!"

Now Ready. "THE MORNING WATCH" for 1910, Vol. XXIII. Price, One Shilling.

Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

Vols. XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX., XX., XXI., and XXII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

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London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59 Ludgate Hill, E.C.

Thy stranger.—Deut. 31, 12.

THAT phrase is what we call a paradox, that is to say, it seems absurd; the one half of it contradicts the other. It is like the French saying, "Our friends the enemy;" or the Parliamentary expression, "His Majesty's Opposition;" or Paul's words in 2 Cor. 6, 10, "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." A stranger is one who does not belong to us; *thy* stranger means that he does belong to us!

We say of a stranger that he is *nobody*, nobody that we know, nobody that we care for, nobody that we owe anything to. We pass him by, we ignore him, we have no love for him, and that means in the end that we hate him. Cicero tells us that the Latin word *hostis*, an enemy, meant at first the same as *peregrinus*, a pilgrim, an incomer.

If you have ever looked into a Kaleidoscope—the beautiful optical toy invented by Sir David Brewster, Principal of Edinburgh University—

you know that every time you shake it the little bits of coloured glass that are in it arrange themselves in lovely new figures. So, if you look at this word *stranger*, which at first means a *nobody*, you see that it means *somebody*. We meet a man whom we never saw before, we cannot guess even what country he comes from, but we know that he is an immortal being, with an eternal destiny, like ourselves. We are fellow pilgrims, and surely we should feel an interest in him and he in us.

And 2. This somebody may be *anybody*. Moses was the greatest man in all the world, yet the daughters of Jethro left him standing outside because he was only an Egyptian stranger. There have been few better women than Ruth, and how much Boaz would have missed had he treated the stranger from Moab as the near kinsman did! And we all know how it was by his kindness to a poor battered half-dead unnamed stranger that the Good Samaritan became the father of all such as build hospitals and the prince of all expositors of the law. Thou shalt love the stranger, therefore. As Lancelot said to Sir Kay when he was ill using Gareth, the stranger boy who had come to Arthur's Court, they knew not whether from sheep-cot or King's hall,

Treat him with all grace,
Lest he should come to shame thy judging
of him.

And 3. The stranger turns out to be *everybody*. For everybody comes to the world as a little stranger, and everybody we now know was once unknown to us.

4. Turn the Kaleidoscope again, and the stranger proves to be *ourselves* ! It is a looking-glass we are in front of, not a window. Has not God said to us every one, as He said to the Israelites, not only "Ye were strangers in the land of Egypt," but even now that you are come to a land of your own, "Ye are strangers and sojourners with Me?"

And 5. Turn the Kaleidoscope

only this once more, and this time we see Another Stranger, and His form is like the Son of God. "Thy Stranger" is one of our Saviour's Names. "Then shall the righteous answer Him, saying, When saw we Thee a stranger, and took Thee in? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto ME."

Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 77.)

38th
Birth-
day.

Charles Kingsley wrote thus to Thomas Hughes, June 12, 1857: "Eight and thirty years old am I this day, Tummas; whereof twenty-two were spent in pain, in woe, and vanitie; and sixteen in very great happiness, such as few men deserve, and I don't deserve at all. And now I feel like old Jacob, 'with my staff I passed over Jordan, and now I am become two bands'—for why? I actually couldn't get home from Hastings except in two relays, what with servants, tutor, and governess. Well, Tom, God has been very good to me; and I can't help feeling a hope that I may fight a good fight yet before I die, and get something done. And if not, I trust one's not going to be idle up there, Tom."

39th

From the Diary of the Earl of Cranbrooke, 1814—1906: "Oct. 2, 1853. So ended my birthday which leads to my fortieth year. I come to it surrounded by comforts and blessings, Jane unusually well, the children all fairly well, my health apparently good, my professional prospects bright as far as I can see, and indeed I know not where to look for a cloud in temporal matters, but I wish I could feel that I was advancing in what is of so far greater interest. May the God Who has done so much for me seal all His blessings by the gift of His Holy Spirit."

Charles Cavendish Fulke Greville, 1794—1865, a man of distinguished birth, as his name shows, and "a man of pleasure" as the history of his time tells us, Clerk of the Privy Council for 39 years, writes in his Diary, April 3rd, 1834: "Yesterday I was forty years old, an anniversary much too melancholy to think off; and when I reflect how intolerably these forty years have been wasted, how unprofitably spent, how little store laid up for the future, how few the pleasurable recollections of the past, a feeling of pain and

40th
Birth-
day.

humiliation comes across one that makes my cheeks tingle and burn as I write."

Some of you, perhaps, when you saw the word *off*, took it as a printer's mistake for *of*. But it isn't! Mr. Greville wrote *off*, and he meant it. "To think *off*" a thing very curiously means the very opposite of "to think of" it. It means to strive *not* to think of it. So be very careful after this when you discover what you take to be "another blunder" made by the printer and passed over by the proof-reader!

The following lines are taken from a poem written by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and read by him at a meeting of friends on his 40th birthday, August 29, 1859:

"—I know it," I said, "old fellow; you speak the solemn truth;
A man can't live to a hundred and likewise keep his youth;
But what if the ten years coming shall silver-streak my hair,
You know I shall then be forty; of course I shall not care.

"At forty a man grows heavy and tired of fun and noise,
Leaves dress to the five-and-twenties and love to the silly boys;
No foppish tricks at forty, no pinching of waists and toes,
But high-low shoes and flannels and good thick worsted hose."

But one fine August morning I found myself awake:
My birthday: why, yes, I'm forty! Yes, forty, and no mistake!
Why this is the very milestone, I think I used to hold,
That when a fellow had come to, a fellow would *then* be old.

But that is the young folks' nonsense; they're full of their foolish stuff;
A man's in his prime at forty—I see *that* plain enough;
At *fifty* a man is wrinkled, and *may be* bald or grey;
I call men old at fifty, in spite of all they say.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti, 1828-1882, painter and poet, wrote to his mother, May 12, 1868: "The reminder of the solemn fact that I am a man of forty now could hardly come agreeably from anyone but yourself. But, considering that the chief blessing of my forty good and bad years has been that not one of them has taken you from me, it is the best of all things to have the same dear love and good wishes still coming to me to-day from your dear hand at a distance as they would have done from your dear mouth had we seen each other. This we shall again soon, I trust."

Sir William Broadbent, the physician, writing to a friend, 4th Feb., 1875, says: "By the way, I have passed through a critical period of my personal history since I last wrote. My 40th birthday. When I woke up on the morning of my 39th I had a *mauvais quart d'heure*. Entering my 40th year, it was impossible to conceal from myself that my youth was gone. The best part of my life spent. No new thing worth doing is begun after the age of 40, so that I could form a tolerable opinion of my life's work and of the sort of mark I am likely to leave. But I could not here tell you the ideas with which I

40th
Birth-
day.

persecuted myself; and after all one becomes reconciled to the inevitable, whatever form it may take—even to being 40 years of age—and on the whole I put a cheerful countenance upon it. . . . I have been a pioneer in some investigations, and could push on some steps farther, too, but I live again in the children, and to immortality in this form must sacrifice a possible immortality of scientific reputation."

The Daisies.

*He counts the number of the stars ;
He names them every one.
Great is our Lord and of great power ;
His wisdom search can none.*

—Psalm 147, 4.

CHAPTER I.

SOME one has somewhere told a story more or less to this effect. A good many years ago the guests at a country house were talking at the breakfast table about the number of birds that found a lodging in a big tree near the window.

"There are six thousand seven hundred and ninety-three," said a young man in the company.

"How many did you say, sir?" asked Mr. Gladstone in a chilling, disapproving tone.

That statesman's sense of humour was evidently not at its best that day. Most people would have welcomed the remark, and let us hope the hostess, or some other who was present, helped to put the young man at his ease by a word or look of thanks for his fresh and merry contribution to the conversation. Of course 6,793 was a gross exaggeration, but, as the Bible itself shows us in many places, there is no sin in a playful exaggeration, or in one that neither misleads nor is meant to mislead the listener. When God said to Jacob, for

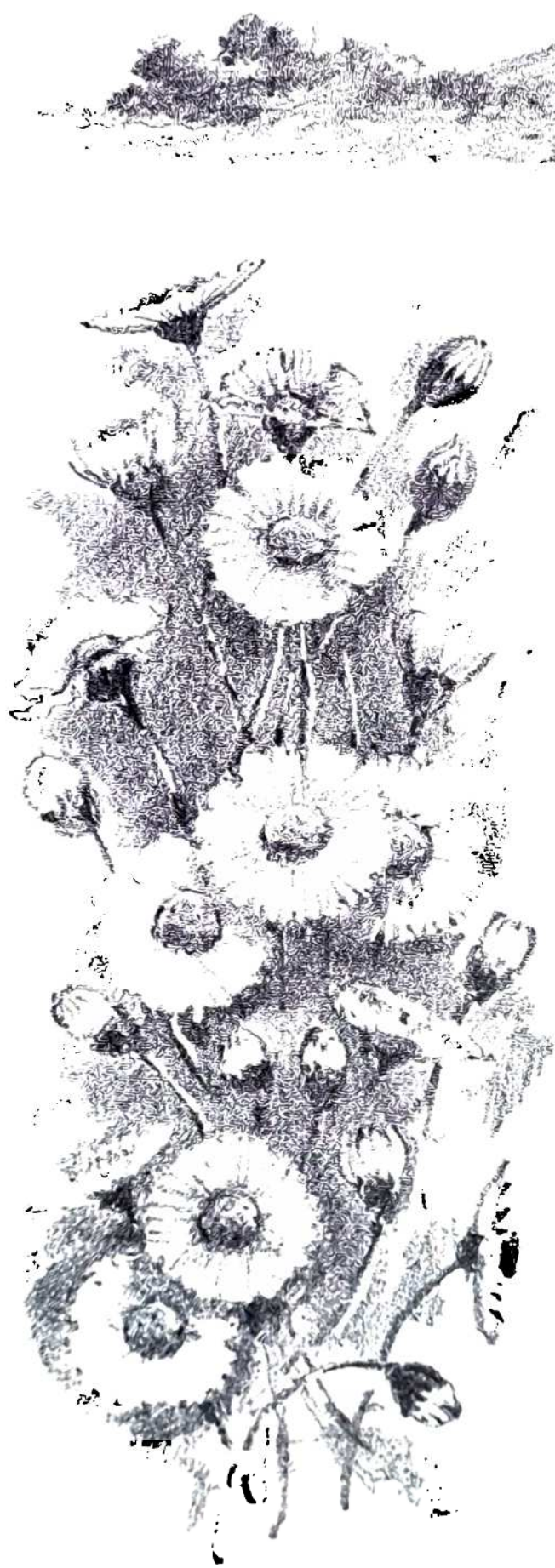
example, that his seed was to be as the sand of the sea which cannot be numbered for multitude, that is not to be taken as literally true. I suppose a few railway truckfuls of sand would contain a number of grains much greater than all the people than have ever lived. It is simply a strong, vivid way of putting things that deceives no one, and is quite a different kind of exaggeration from that with which we are familiar in the talk of a liar, or a boaster, or the man whom we describe as habitually inaccurate.

CHAPTER 2.

One Saturday afternoon a short time ago two neighbours were discussing and comparing their fruits and flowers and vegetables across their garden wall, for a garden wall is a great bond of union between friendly people. One of the two had this, that, and the other thing, that his neighbour hadn't, or had not in as great profusion.

"Ah well," said the other in great good humour, "just look at my lawn! Have you as many daisies as me? Say the word and I can give you 30,000, and I'll have more than that left!"

The two men parted laughing. But on the Monday, which was a holiday—I forget what for, there are so many holidays now—they foregathered again.



"I was telling my family at tea-time on Saturday night about your offer of 30,000 daisies, and we all agreed that while you are the most generous man in that line we have ever met, you are also no mean exaggerater! Do you stick to your 30,000?"

"Yes, I do, though I confess that if I had thought my words were to be reported and weighed, I might have been not quite so generous in my estimate."

"Well, we say that though you have about the best show in the daisy line we have ever seen, if all the sheep and camels and oxen and she-asses that Job had before his troubles came on him—we were reading about them last night—were to pass along the road there, you couldn't give them one daisy apiece!"

"Well, I know he had twice as many at the end of the book as he had at the beginning, but how many he had *then* I can't say I remember. I must look it up, but it's less than 30,000, I suppose?"

"A great deal less, but one of my little girls is coming over to count the daisies, with your leave, and we'll see who came nearest the exact number, and the one that was furthest from it will give her a farthing for every thousand or fraction of a thousand that he was wrong."

"And I'm quite agreeable, and it won't beggar either of us."

CHAPTER 3.

It was after eleven when one of the girls, her share of the household work being done, came over to do her task. It was a lovely summer day, and the daisies were looking their best with their freckly faces and their white and "crimson-tippit" ruffs sticking out more nobly than Queen Elizabeth's in all her glory.

The lawn was 20 yards square, and I never saw one whiter, except one—of all places in the world—at the back of the archery ground at St. John's College, Oxford. They used to say that if a daisy showed its head in the lawn there, the whole college were summoned to expel the intruder there and then.

The little girl brought a cup with her and the penny ruler, 12 inches long, with which she ruled the lines when she did her sums. Then she marked out, like an ancient Roman augur, her *templum*, or field of observation, one foot square. And then she proceeded to count the little stars one by one. And what a fright her father got! There were a hundred-and-fifty-and-four. He was evidently "in" for it, like the man who made the deal, in the old story, in the nails in a horse's shoes.

"Tell us quick how many that is," he said like a man on the brink of ruin.

"20 yards \times 20 = 400, and as there are 9 square feet in one square yard, $400 \times 9 = 3600$. Multiply 154 by 3600, and you get 554,400!"

"Who's the exaggerater now?" said the owner of the lawn. "And

what about Job's cattle? Run in and get a Bible, and we'll see how much your father owes you." "7000 sheep, and 3000 camels, and 500 yoke of oxen, that's 1000, 2 in a yoke, and 500 she asses; 11,500."

"Then if I gave your father 30,000, how many would there remain for every one of Job's beasts?"

"45 each, and 69 over."

"Yet you all called me an exaggerater! But how many farthings does your father owe you? We'll have to check your figures this time, for this is a serious business."

"He was 542,900 wrong. 543 farthings = eleven shillings and threepence three farthings."

"Your father didn't bargain for that! But you must let me pay five shillings of it—for in truth I was nearly as far wrong as he was—and I meant to give you five shillings anyway for your 'fairing,' and that will be one and threepence three farthings to spend on your mother and brothers and sisters, and ten shillings to add to your bank-book, and it will be a lesson to you all, and especially to your father to be a little less inaccurate, and never to accuse other people of exaggerating when they don't deserve it!"

CHAPTER 4.

When the little girl ran in and told the result, her mother laughed heartily. but it was the 154 that struck her most. "I wish it had been 153, for I have always liked that number ever since our minister preached on it. 'Simon Peter went up, and drew the net to land full of great fishes, an hundred and fifty



and three.' He said, that when we buy big quantities we get one or two thrown in to the bargain in case there should be a mistake in the counting, or lest any of them should be bad. But though Christ could make no mistake in counting, He added an extra one to every fifty just because He likes to give, and He always gives good measure. But it would have been nice, if there had been only 153 daisies."

"But," said the little girl, "what if God said 'They will be expecting the three extra, but I will make it four, just to go beyond their expecting?'"

CHAPTER 5.

The girl's father and mother asked their bachelor neighbour to take tea with them in the garden that afternoon, and the talk was all about daisies. Was it not a wonderful thing that in that little bit of ground there should be more than half a million flowers of one kind alone, all opening up their forty or fifty petals whenever the sun shone, putting on their little crowns when he put on his? And if there is all that, and who knows how much more? in 20 yards by 20, how much must there be in the great round world, and in those other worlds that circle with it round the sun! "In His temple everything saith, Glory."

And those hundreds of thousands of flowers that God tended so lovingly and arrayed so gloriously we cut down, in the fulness of their life and beauty, in one brief hour, without a thought.

The Burdensome Sweet-Pea.

And the Angel said unto me, Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak unto thee.—Ezek. 2, 1.

A FRIEND told me the other day that once when she was giving some Spring flowers to the children in the Cripple School in Glasgow, a little fellow refused them, saying, "I'm no wantin' ony flooers the day, *they mak yer hands that could.*" It was something like that that a sweet-pea stalk said to other two one day this summer. The three were all come to nearly their full height, and their flowers, one a rich yellow, the second a pale blue, and the third a deep red, were on the very point of bursting forth. The deep red one had all along clung too much to its neighbours in spite of all they said to it, and it had made their whole life one hard battle. On the morning of our story a strong east wind was blowing, and for support and warmth this red one put its topmost tendrils tight round the other two.

"Now if you do that," they said to it, "you'll choke us, so you will."

"But I don't like those galvanized pea-trainers, they feel like ice, and make my fingers tingle."

"We don't like them very much either," said the others, "though we are thankful to have them when our master can't get branches and twigs of trees for us to cling to. But you must just learn to be brave and not whimper that way. This east wind will make us all the stronger and hardier perhaps. Now, please let go, and fight your own battle. A great strong plant like you should

be ashamed to be a burden to your sisters."

But no! it wouldn't listen to them, but clung closer and closer and wound its tendrils so often and so tightly round them that all three stalks were bent, and their flowers when they come out next day were hopelessly entangled, so hopelessly that when the lady of the house came out to pluck them, though she had rare skill in unravelling all kinds of knots, their heads came off in her hands to her great sorrow,

and the flowers that would have made three little children happy, died on the day they were coming to their kingdom, the strangler and the strangled perishing together.

Oh! you boys, ask God to give you courage, pluck, and thrift, and self-respect, and the love of work. And when you become men, stand upon your own feet, and don't be a burden to your parents, or your sisters, or your parish, or your country.

Reasons for not going to Church. 13th Series.—No. 8.

This woman is going to leave the Church because the Minister, who is away on a fortnight's holiday, has sent her little girl a plain picture post card, while three other girls in the Congregation to her certain knowledge got beautiful coloured ones. And he did the same thing, if she remembers rightly, the last time he was away, three years ago. (She doesn't know that the plain one cost 2d, while the "beautiful coloured ones" were from a packet at 9d the dozen.) But she will let him see that she doesn't want his post cards or his sermons either.

And when the Postman, who happens to be her elder, says to her that it is very wrong and unfair of her to judge the Minister that way, and told her in his simplicity, that the post card she got was the very same as the Sheriff's daughter got two days ago—it was one of his brother postmen who told him about it, and he was praising their Minister for remembering the young folks that way—she says it makes no difference to her though twenty Sheriff's daughters, ay or a hundred, got that postcard; all the same she will find out if what he says is true, for she knows two of the Sheriff's servants, and if it is, she will report both him and the other postman for divulging secrets that they learned in their official capacity.



1	TU	Joseph is a fruitful bough ; his branches run over the wall.— <i>Gen. 49, 22.</i>
2	W	The dove came . . . and, lo, in her mouth an olive leaf.— <i>Gen. 8, 11.</i>
3	TH	The land is an exceeding good land.— <i>Numb. 14, 7.</i>
4	F	And this is the fruit of it.— <i>Ch. 13, 27.</i> “My tent at night had been pitched as usual in the Desert ; but one of my Arabs stalked away rapidly towards the West without telling me his errand. After a while he returned. He had travelled all the way on to the border of the living world, and brought me back for a token an ear of rice, full, fresh, and green.”— <i>Kinglake's Eothen.</i>
5	S	The earnest of our inheritance.— <i>Eph. 1, 14.</i>
6	S	Men which are made after the similitude of God.— <i>James 3, 9.</i>
7	M	Stephen's face . . . the face of an Angel.— <i>Acts 6, 15.</i>
8	TU	A cheerful countenance.— <i>Prov. 15, 13.</i> Dr. Spence, an Edinburgh Professor of Surgery, was known by his students, from his lugubrious face, as “Dismal Jimmy.”
9	W	Why is thy countenance fallen?— <i>Gen. 4, 6.</i>
10	TH	An angry countenance.— <i>Prov. 25, 23.</i>
11	F	The hypocrites disfigure their faces. They have received their reward.— <i>Matt. 6, 16, R. V.</i>
12	S	God is the health of my countenance.— <i>Ps. 43, 5.</i>
13	S	Whether ye eat, or drink, do all to the glory of God.— <i>1 Cor. 10, 31.</i> “There is no off-time in Christ's service. He claims even the dinner hour.”— <i>Dr. S. R. Macphail's Handbook on Colossians.</i>
14	M	Jesus took the seven loaves, and gave thanks.
15	TU	And they had a few small fishes : and He blessed.— <i>Mark 8, 6.</i>
16	W	Ruth did eat, and was sufficed, and left.— <i>Ruth 2, 14.</i>
17	TH	They wept, saying, we have nought save this manna to look to.— <i>Num. 11, 6, R. V.</i>
18	F	Bread of idleness.— <i>Prov. 31, 27.</i> Bread of falsehood.— <i>Prov. 20, 17, R. V.</i>
19	S	He shall eat the bread of his God.— <i>Lev. 21, 22.</i>
20	S	There is a generation, O how lofty are their eyes !— <i>Prov. 30, 13.</i>
21	M	Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not.— <i>Jer. 45, 5.</i>
22	TU	Angels which left their proper habitation.— <i>Jude 6, R. V.</i>
23	W	The thistle said to the cedar, Give thy daughter to my son to wife ;
24	TH	There passed by a wild beast, and trode down the thistle.— <i>2 Kings 14, 9.</i>
25	F	Lord, my heart is not haughty. “I wonder how a godly man can take upon him a place whereof he hath no skill.”— <i>Rev. R. Douglas at Charles II.'s Coronation, 1651.</i>
26	S	Neither do I exercise myself in things too high for me.— <i>Ps. 131.</i>
27	S	The helpless committeth himself unto Thee.— <i>Ps. 10, 14, R. V.</i>
28	M	He raiseth up the poor to make them sit with princes,
29	TU	And inherit the throne of glory.— <i>1 Sam. 2, 8.</i>
30	W	God is no respecter of persons.— <i>Acts 10, 34.</i>
31	TH	He healed them all.— <i>Matt. 12, 15.</i> “Dr. Warburton Begbie of Edinburgh Infirmary,” says one of his students, “taught us that the hospital patient, ‘the dear man’ as he called him, should be treated with as much courtesy as though he came prepared to cross the consultant's palm with gold.”

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXIV.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 9.



"Don't be afraid, Dearies:

*'God plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.'"*

Now Ready. "THE MORNING WATCH" for 1910, Vol. XXIII. Price, One Shilling.

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The Railway Strike.

And Aaron ran: and he put on incense, and made an atonement for the people.—Num. 16, 17.

No one who has ever been deaf for some weeks can forget the intense delight with which, after his hearing came back, he heard once more the clatter of the horses' hoofs and the rattling of wheels and all the other noises of the street that Mr. Lowell, the American poet, once described as "the roaring loom of time."

To hundreds of thousands in our land the whistling of railway engines this Monday morning, August Twenty-one, is sweeter music than the song of birds.

We must first of all thank God for His mercy.

Next, we must humble ourselves. To say nothing of the misery and loss we have brought on many, we have dishonoured our country's name and fame. Yet even that would be a small matter were it not that it is our Protestantism, it is our Christianity, it is the Name of God, that has been put to shame in the sight of all men.

It becomes us all, not least those who are talking on the one hand of "victory," and on the other of their "magnificent struggle," to hide our faces and get us by stealth into our inner rooms, "as people being ashamed steal away when they flee in battle."

And, lastly, we must now accept the punishment of our iniquity, whatever it may please God to send on us.

Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 89.)

40th
Birth-
day.

"My last two volumes cost me more than six years of hard work—and, alas! I was forty yesterday. How time slips away!"—*W. E. H. Lecky the Historian, writing on March 27, 1878.*

General Sir Charles James Napier, G.C.B., 1782-1853, who was wounded in five places at Corunna, and was shot in the face and had his jaw broken at Busaco, and lived to be the conqueror of Scinde, writing home on August 10th, 1822, says: "Another birthday dear mother! they come like a poor debtor's visitors, often and unwished."

40th
Birth-
day.

"On Jan. 14, 1890, he exclaimed, with a briefer laugh than usual, 'To-day I am forty.'"

Frederick York Powell, 1850—1904, of whom these words are written, was a distinguished Oxford scholar. He succeeded Froude as Regius Professor of Modern History in 1894. When the letter from Lord Rosebery, who was then Prime Minister, came offering him the appointment, Mr. Powell's 'scout,' or man-servant, thought by the look of it that it was a tradesman's bill and put it with some others behind the clock—another version says in a top-boot—and there it lay unopened for a fortnight, till an enquiry from the Premier's Secretary brought the document to light. The scout had unwittingly thrust an angel from the door. But a tradesman's bill is an angel, too, a messenger from the man that sends it, and it ought to be 'honoured,' and not sent empty away, or told to "go, and come again, and to-morrow I will give; when thou hast it by thee."

Edmund Garrett, 1865—1907, journalist and South African politician, writing from Devonshire, whither he had gone in the vain search for health, says: "Yesterday, July 20, we had a lovely afternoon (my fortieth birthday) picnicking in a hayfield with R. L. Stevenson's volume—welcome as flowers—over our tea. This was in a new place—near enough for me to *walk* to, with a shady hedgerow to sit under and command a great open view such as Millie craves—coombes slanting seaward under warm haze and great green glooms of woodland in the middle distance; a few steps away, a gap opens up a mighty blue shoulder of Dartmoor, in the other direction. A great find, so near home. There we sat and read. And there we counted up our mercies."

The lady he refers to as "Millie" was his wife. They met first in 1901, and after a time became engaged. Their marriage was put off in the hope that his health might be re-established, but when early in 1903 the doctor told him he had but six months to live, she made up her mind at once to delay no longer. On the card announcing their marriage to their friends were these words:

"Since he is, as you see, taking his last Farewell of the Country I think to walk this Sunshine Morning with him, to help him on his Way. . . . Then I saw in my Dream that they went very loyingly on together . . . I had sunshine all the rest of the Way . . . also through the Valley of the Shadow.—The Pilgrim's Progress."

To one of his friends Mr. Garrett wrote further: "I have six months to live. A brave and sweet woman, my Friend Ellen Marriage, is going to share those months with me. Life and Death and Love—what a grand chord they make together."

He was a great lover of birds and gave a place in his affections even to insects, earwigs included. Once when he was lying out of doors in his long chair, absorbed in some work, his wife brushed some earwigs off his writing-pad, and was going to destroy them, when he laid his hand gently on her arm, and said, "No, don't! Out-of-doors is *their* house." They had a right, as it were, to be safe there. Their house, like every Englishman's, was their castle.

Misjudged.

Judge nothing before the time.--1 Cor. 4, 5.

CHAPTER I.

ON the upper deck of most of our Clyde River Steamboats there is a little shelter, made of wood, or canvas, or thin metal, which holds four or five people easily. It is meant chiefly for elderly people, and invalids, or women with little children, and as it is placed amidships, that is, in the steadiest part of the ship, and protects one from wind and rain and sun and the ash that falls from the funnel, it is much sought after by travellers.

During the summer months the Steamboat Companies issue weekly, fortnightly, and monthly season tickets, of various kinds, and all so cheap that many young people spend almost all their holiday time sailing up and down the firth.

CHAPTER 2.

One summer, two or three years ago, two young fellows, who had been much struck by a saying they had read somewhere, to the effect that most people throw their Christianity to the winds whenever they come to a railway platform or a steamboat pier, determined to watch not only their own conduct during their fortnight's holiday but that of other people as well.

They soon found plenty of scope for their zeal. They saw, for example, that the deck shelter on the steamboat they oftenest travelled in was always occupied by two young women who went on board the moment the ship's gangway was put

in position. Each took a corner in the shelter, and sat there all the journey, with her travelling rug, her handbag, and some knitting and reading material, quite in the spirit of the old English song :

“Oh for a book and a shadie nooke,
Eyther in doore or out.”

And truly if they had been mindful of other people's looks and hints they might have had opportunity to have given up their coigns of vantage. But there was no dislodging them.

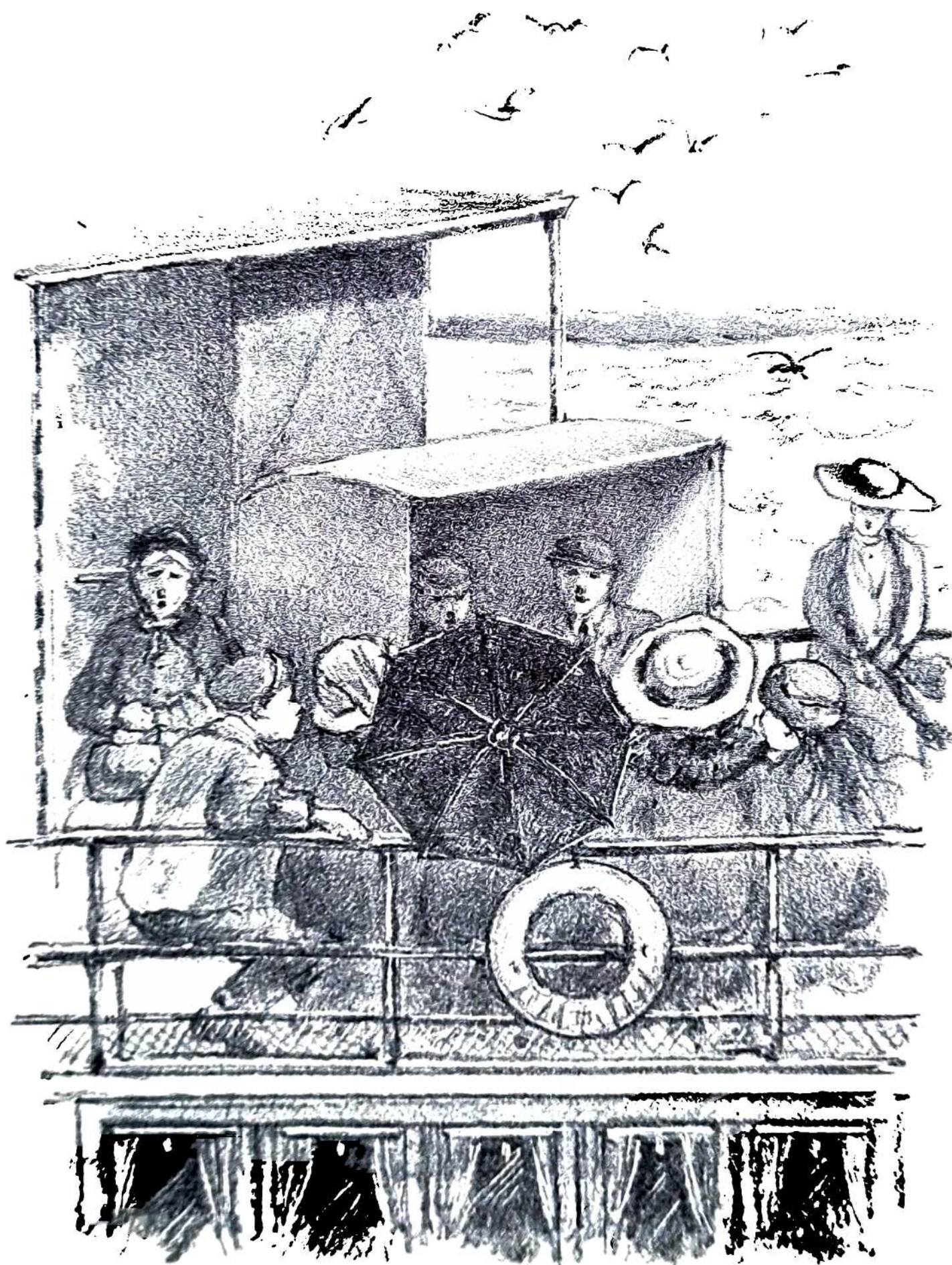
With a green and yellow melancholy
She sat, like Patience on a monument.

On the fourth day the young fellows made up their minds to make the ladies observe the courtesies of travelling, and on the fifth day they succeeded by the simple process of forestalling them. While the ladies were coming down the gangway, the two young men like the selfish hangers-on at the pool of Bethesda, stepped down before them and took and kept the coveted seats.

CHAPTER 3.

As soon as the boat had left the pier the mate beckoned to old Roderick, one of the deck hands, and bade him go and tell the young lads to clear out of the shelter ; it was not meant for the like of them ; the selfishness of some people beats all.

“I think, sir, we will be waiting a little,” said Roderick. “I will not be thinking they are bad boys. I was watching them as they would be coming along the quay, and I saw them carrying a poor old woman's box, and it was a big box. I would



be for judging nothing before the time, as Paul said to the Corinthians. And I was once hearing Mr. Aeneas Munro preach on these words, and he had Three Heads : and the First he would be giving us was this. There were some people, he said, and they never would be judging anything. And the Second ——”

“Yes, yes, Roderick,” interrupted the mate, “but I have only one head, and I need it all for this boat, but keep you one of yours on these lads, and if they are not out of that when we leave Kirn, get out the hose and tell them you have to wash that bit of the deck.”

But the hose was not needed, for even while the mate was giving his orders, the lads had surrendered their seats to two young mothers with squalling babies.

CHAPTER 4.

But a great deal can happen in a few moments, and while the lads were still in their seats they had been snapshotted by the sub-editor of an English Illustrated Daily who was paying his first visit to our river. And more than snapshotted, for they had been made the subject of a piquant descriptive sketch, whose paragraphs had headings such as these: Clyde Manners, The Canny Scots, How they become Heads of Departments, The Chief Seats in Turbines and the Uppermost Rooms on Deck, Officers look on Approvingly, The Scots wha hae (that is, who have) are the Scots wha tak what other people hae, and keep it ! etc., etc.

The letter and photographic

plates were sent ashore at Rothesay a little after ten, in time for the midday post, and the sub-editor felt free to enjoy himself for the rest of the day. He had done a good morning's work, and yet before the afternoon he began to doubt his cleverness, and by night he felt sure of his stupidity. Chance, as we say, and that means Providence, threw him into the company of the two lads whose portraits and characters were now speeding south at 40 miles an hour. He found them overburdened as he thought with “principles,” and a trifle over-conscientious, and rather too eager to put everything right, but good fellows all the same, with a wonderful “stock of information” and a rich supply of anecdotes, not one of which he had ever heard before. They drew up a route plan and time-table for him, too, and put him up to so many wrinkles of all kinds that he felt already all his anxiety as to the success of his tour was gone, and the look of care that had marked his brow in the morning and for many weeks before had vanished. Odd; isn't it? that one set of wrinkles should displace another! Before he returned to his hotel, however, he had a longish telegram to send off. He knew it was impossible to prevent the publication of his letter—a series of letters from “our special correspondent on tour” having been only too well advertised, and, besides, his letter was much too good to be thrown away!—but he added a postscript to the effect that before the day was done he had seen

reason to modify some statements and opinions and to retract others. He had found out that at least some "Scots wha hae" were as eager to give as they were to gather and to keep.

He got a telegram next morning from his chief, not giving him a "wiggling" as he expected, but congratulations: "First-rate. Fair-play's a jewel. Wish you good holiday." The man who sent that message back was, of course, a Scotchman, you will expect me to say. But, and here it is you who are judging before the time, he was an Englishman!

CHAPTER 5.

The two young fellows had begun very soon to suspect that they had possibly misjudged the young women, and determined accordingly to observe them a little more carefully. But they looked for them in vain next day and the first three days of the week after. Then, two days running, they saw them in steamboats which they passed, but each time, curiously, the ladies were not on the cabin deck but as far forward as they could go, drinking in breezes that were blowing twenty miles an hour. And then they saw them no more.

CHAPTER 6.

On the last day of the month, the day on which their tickets expired, the young ladies resolved to travel by the boat which had been their favourite at the beginning. It was a stormy day, and passengers were few, but there in the teeth of the gale the mate from the bridge saw them standing, to his astonishment,

as merry as crickets, or rather, one should say, as merry as two stormy petrels. Beckoning old Roderick once more he bade him tell the ladies they would be much more comfortable in the shelter.

"We was all missing you," the old man said, and they smiled but made no reply. "We was all missing you," he repeated, and there was something so kindly in his voice that the ladies, bit by bit as the day went on, told him their story.

I wish I had time to tell you the heroic part of it. Enough to say they were two brave girls, sisters, teachers, whose health had broken down. Their doctor, hearing of the cheap trips on the Clyde, had urged them to try a course of sailing, but, finding out about the shelters, and how eagerly people seized and kept possession of them, made them promise, not only for their own sake but for that of others, for they had a mother and little brothers and sisters dependent on them, to be selfish for once. Further, without telling them, he wrote to the Steamboat Company, to ask as much consideration for them as possible.

For a few days, sore against the grain, the two, as we have seen, took and kept the best seats. They were ashamed, however, to lift their eyes, and had made up their minds to stand the torture only one day more, when the action of the young men prevented them. They took it as a warning sent them by Providence, and determined to pace the deck and face the sun and wind, though they felt for a time that they were shortening their lives. But

the sun and wind were the very things that were to do them good, and that which had seemed to be against them had all turned out well.

"Yes," said Roderick to the mate, "we was judging them, as well as the young gentlemen, before the time, and the young ladies themselves were judging God before the time. And I would be minding what Mr Aeneas Munro would be saying his second head was."

"Yes, yes, Roderick, you can tell me that some other time, but the Captain wants you to give them his compliments, and he'll see them after we are round the point, and it will be a pleasure to him if they will take dinner with him in his cabin when we come to the pier at one o'clock, though it will be half-past one, I fear, to-day."



The Simple Life.

A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.--Luke 12, 15.

LAST November I told you about a little girl, the Hon. Joscelind Edgeley, who, in the absence of her maids, exchanged her twenty-guinea perambulator for a soap-box which two poor girls were wheeling along the road, and how in consequence she and her brother Marmaduke, 17th Baron Edgeley, were for the first time in their lives supremely happy. Ever since that escapade their mother, a widow, has seen the advantage of letting them have a taste now and again of "the simple life."

The little Baron—though he is

not to blame for that—owns 93,000 acres; he has six estates and seven mansion-houses, four of which he has never seen. Two of them are castles much visited by Americans. He also owns, though he does not know it, a salmon river in Norway and a cattle ranche in Nevada, U.S.A. But his best earthly possession, though he does not know that either, is an old Scotch woman who lives with her daughter and her daughter's husband, one of the under-gardeners on the estate on which his little master spends ten months of the year.

This old woman prays night and day for the boy, specially that he may be kept out of the way of bad men. She has spent most of her life in Scotland, and knows what Jesuits on the one hand, and gamblers and racing-men on the other, have done for lads that were heirs to great estates. She often thinks of the tremendous power both for good and evil that lies in that young child's hands, and she has prayed without ceasing that either she or some other may play for him the part that was done for Moses by his nurse, and teach him to esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt.

Happily her daughter and her son-in-law are of one mind with her, and ever since they began to notice that the little lad seemed to like to come to their cottage and play with their own little boy and girl in the sand-pit he had opened up for them, he has steadily refused to give up



his place, though several fine offers have been made to him

The head-gardener is a good man, too, and often says to his chief assistant, "Oh man, John, if only God would guide that little fellow into the right road!" He is consequently free from all jealousy, and watches with intense delight the increasing hold John seems to be getting of the young people's love and admiration.

John is full of fun and all kinds of devices for mingling amusement and lessons together. The last caper he was trying is a fine one for training the eye. There is a certain lawn he has to roll every day, and all the children have to stick two rows of wooden pins in it, leaving a space between them of sufficient width for the roller to pass up and down, and the one that makes the straightest track, and the narrowest, gets, by permission of the head-

gardener, a peach out of the peach-house, and the Baron's peaches are the best in England! But the best peach little Marmaduke ever tasted was his first prize in that competition, though, truth to tell, after he had divided it with Joscelind and the gardener's children there was not much left for himself.



*Get wisdom : yea, with all thou hast gotten
get understanding.—Prov. 4, 7. R.V.*

"An English lady whom I met in Copenhagen told me that not long ago her motor broke down in a rural part of Denmark. While the repairs were being effected she fell into conversation with a farm lad who had lent her a rope, and found that he could talk French and German, could understand but not speak English, and was studying Latin!" — *R. Rider Haggard's Rural Denmark and its Lessons.*

Reasons for not going to Church. 13th Series.—No. 9.

One of these men out of his last pay of £3 7s gave his wife 5s 3½d to keep the house—they have five children—and struck her in the face because she pleaded with him to make it at least "even money." He doesn't go to Church, he is saying, because the last time he went—it must be four or five years now—he saw so many hypocrites that, whether you believe him or not, he actually trembled for fear lest the walls of the building should fall on the top of them. He never was gladder in his life than when he found himself safe on the street again.

And the other man says he can quite believe it, for another man told him the very same thing. "I think you know the man I'm referring to. It was long Jim, him that's in Peterhead."



1	F	Gather up the broken pieces which remain over, that nothing be lost.
2	S	So they filled twelve baskets with broken pieces from the five loaves.— <i>John 6, 12, R. V.</i> “At Brörup Dairy the empty tins are set upside down to drain. The drippings from them, the richest part of the milk, average 90 lbs. weight per day.”— <i>Rural Denmark by H. Rider Haggard.</i>
3	S	O God, see if there be any wicked way in me.— <i>Psa. 139, 24.</i>
4	M	The prophets have not discovered thine iniquity.— <i>Lam. 2, 14.</i>
5	TU	The prophets prophesy unto you a false vision.— <i>Jer. 14, 14.</i>
6	W	They have healed the hurt of my people lightly.— <i>Ch. 6, 14.</i>
7	TH	Saying, Peace, peace; when there is no peace. When Lady Nairne, who wrote “The Land o’ the Leal, “The Auld Hoose,” etc., went to live in Ireland, she found black stains on the walls of her sitting-room owing to damp. Being an artist she cleverly turned them into pictures. But the damp was still there!
8	F	Bondservants of corruption.— <i>2 Pet. 2, 19, R. V.</i>
9	S	Whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward.— <i>Matt. 23, 27.</i>
10	S	It was too painful for me; until I went into the sanctuary.— <i>Psa. 73, 1-17.</i>
11	M	The wicked are not in trouble as other men.
12	TU	They have more than heart could wish.
13	W	I said, Enjoy pleasure: this also is vanity.— <i>Eccles. 2, 2.</i>
14	TH	I said of mirth, What doeth it? “At one of Lord Granville’s official balls the Italian Ambassador said to him, ‘Dites-moi, est ce que vous avez souvent de ces corvées là?’ Tell me, do you often have this kind of bore?”— <i>Mrs. Earle’s Memoirs and Memories.</i>
15	F	He sent leanness into their soul.— <i>Psa. 106, 15.</i>
16	S	Thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things.— <i>Luke 16, 25.</i>
17	S	Whoso is on the Lord’s side.— <i>Ex. 32, 26, R. V.</i>
18	M	Jesus said, Would ye also go away?— <i>John 6, 67, R. V.</i>
19	TU	Ephraim is a cake not turned.— <i>Hos. 7, 8.</i>
20	W	I would thou wert cold or hot.— <i>Rev. 3, 15.</i> “To a commander in the field a more constant anxiety than an open foe is a wavering ally.”— <i>The Official History of the South African War.</i>
21	TH	No man can serve two masters.— <i>Matt. 6, 24.</i>
22	F	Jesus said unto Judas, That thou doest, do quickly.— <i>John 13, 27.</i>
23	S	Thou shalt love the Lord . . . with all thy strength.— <i>Mark 12, 30.</i>
24	S	Be not now negligent (Hezekiah’s advice to the Levites).— <i>2 Ch. 29, 11.</i>
25	M	God hath seen the labour of mine hands.— <i>Gen. 31, 42.</i>
26	TU	Be not sluggish.— <i>Heb. 6, 12, R. V.</i> Lord Mansfield, 1704-1793, Chief-Justice of England, once said of some task he was busy with—“It is not the pleasantest in the world; but what must be done I love to do, and have it over.”
27	W	The man will not rest until he have finished the thing.— <i>Ruth 3 18.</i>
28	TH	Be diligent in these things; continue in these things.— <i>1 Tim. 4 15, 16, R. V.</i>
29	F	My Father worketh even until now,
30	S	And I work.— <i>John 5, 17, R. V.</i>

October, 1911.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXIV.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 10.



The Feast of Ingathering.—Ex. 23, 16.

Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

Vols. XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX., XX., XXI., XXII., and XXIII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.

Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.

London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59 Ludgate Hill, E.C.

"There's Nobody to Do it."

THAT was the answer given one lovely harvest day, a few weeks ago, by a Banffshire farmer to a passer-by who asked him why he wasn't carrying in his grain. "There's nobody to do it." The labourers were all away to Canada!

It is a happy moment to a farmer when his fields are cleared, and in many countries there are quaint and solemn ceremonies when the last load is home and the last sheaf "waved" and thankfully hung up by itself before God and men and birds.

Mr. T. H. Darlow, in his most charmingly written review of the British and Foreign Bible Society's work during 1910-1911 (*A Fountain Unsealed*, illustrated, One Shilling,

post free: The Bible House, Queen Victoria St., London), tells us that Society's list of versions now includes the names of 432 distinct forms of speech. That means that the whole Bible is now to be had in 107 different languages; the New Testament in other 102; and at least one book of the Scriptures in other 223. Last year 8 new versions were added. In 1800 the Bible was a sealed book for four out of every five people in the world; to-day it lies open, in part at least, to seven out of every ten. But think of the 1,500,000,000 people in the world, and then count up what three out of every ten means.

When Thomas Boston, who wrote *Man's Fourfold State*, was a boy and read in the 7th of Revelation about the 144,000 that were sealed, he was afraid the number had been already made up and that he had been born too late.

But here is a task that all the world will be too late for some day—the translation of the Bible into a new language. And how scholars and rich men and kings will envy the man or woman that makes the last translation that is needed! How they will wonder there was "nobody to do it" sooner!

Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 99.)

40th
Birth-
day.

In his *Journal* on December 23, 1835, Thomas Carlyle wrote: "On the 4th of this month, not without remembering and bitterly considering, I completed my fortieth year. Spiritual strength, as I feel, still grows in me. All other things, outward fortune, business among

40th
Birth-
day.

men, go on crumbling and decaying. Providence again is leading me through dark, burning, hideous ways towards new heights and developments."

41st

"Oct. 9, 1841. My birthday! forty-one years! I have tried to recall the mercies of God; to be affected in view of them; to repent before Him; to mourn, and to ask His forgiveness for the past, His aid for the future, His mercy, His compassion, and His Spirit. Oh, the past—how solemn in review! the future—how solemn in prospect! My God, my Saviour, my Sanctifier, oh, never forsake me!"

The Rev. John Todd, D.D., who wrote these words in his *Diary*, was an American Congregationalist minister. He died in 1873. When the last spike of the Central Pacific Railway was to be driven in, he was asked to offer up prayer. Many another nail, well fastened, came from this master of assemblies, for he wrote *Lectures to Children*, *The Student's Manual*, and some other books, which two generations ago were reckoned amongst "the words of the wise" and had a great influence both in his own land and throughout Europe. Shortly before his birth his father, a doctor, was on his way to see a patient, when the harness broke and the horses bolted and the carriage was overturned. His left leg was broken and dislocated in a most shocking manner. When, after some time, help came, he was found to have written these words in pencil on a piece of paper in expectation of death: "Great God, the day of Thy power is dreadful indeed! Thy frown is death, and the blasts of Thy nostrils crush us for ever. Behold me in this hour of distress, through the sufferings of Thy Son; then shall mercy beam upon me and open the gates of eternal day. I feel Thy power; I own Thy justice; and believe in Thy word. Whatever fails, suffer me, O God, even if Thou slayest me, still to trust in Thee." When his wife got word of the accident her mind gave way, and though she lived many years she never recovered. When their little boy was born his father was lying a helpless cripple and his mother a hopeless lunatic.

"27th Feb., 1848. My birthday, the forty-first. Another notch cut in the stick; another date carried higher up on the face of the adamantine rock. And so the years go by; the footsteps of Fate—the approaching tread of the stone statue!"—*Longfellow's Diary*.

Writing to his friend Mr. James Maclehose on Oct. 6, 1859, Mr. Alexander Macmillan the Publisher said: I was forty-one years old last Monday, and my brother Daniel's boy Frederick eight yesterday. Lo, how the generations pass."

42nd

"This day, Aug. 24, 1673," says the Rev. Philip Henry in his *Diary*, "completes ye 42nd year of my age. As was said by Sir Robert Harley, 'I would be loth to live it over again, lest instead of making it better I should make it worse, and besides every year and day spent on earth is lost in heaven.'"

When Mr. Henry wrote the latter part of that sentence, he

42nd
Birth-
day.

forgot—to quote from a speech of Lord Haldane's made a few weeks ago—that there is such a thing as “shortening the quantity of one's life and heightening its quality, which is better.” One day more, one hour longer, spent on earth in the service of God and man, so far from being lost in heaven, may add infinitely to the joy of that heaven when by God's grace we come to it.

“March 26th, 1861. My 42nd birthday! rather a serious day than otherwise when age creeps on. Thank God, however, health and strength are still continued to me, and I have therefore no right to complain, nor do I. How many old recollections are connected with this day; how many happy days, alas! gone by, never to return. I am thankful for those I have enjoyed and for the many blessings which have been vouchsafed to me. My Mother has given me a very handsome bookcase for the rooms down stairs, a second being given me by the Queen.”—*Diary of the late Duke of Cambridge.*

43rd

Mrs. Carlyle was born on the 14th July, 1801. Her husband was specially careful to remember that date after her mother died, and always provided some pretty present for her. This is his letter on her forty-third birthday.

“July 13, 1844. It is poor Goody's birthday when she reads this; and one ought to have said what the inner man sufficiently feels: that one is right glad to see the brave little Goody with the mind's and the heart's eye on such an occasion, and wishes and prays all good in this world and in all worlds to one's poor Goody—a brave woman, and, on the whole, a ‘Necessary Evil’ to a man.” (That was a name he often laughingly gave her.) “And now, dearest, here is a small gift, one of the smallest ever sent. Do not think it cost me any trouble to buy the thing; once fairly in the enterprise, there was a real pleasure in going through with it. I tried hard for a workbox, but there was none I could recommend to myself. I was forced to be content with a little jewel-box, and there, you see, is the key. Blessings on thee with it! I wish I had diamonds to fill the places with for my little wifie. I knew you had a jewel-box already, but this is a newer one, a far smaller one. Besides, I bought it very cunningly, and ‘the lady, if she would like anything better, can at any time get it exchanged.’ And so, dear Goody, kiss me and take my good wishes. While I am here there will never want one to wish thee all good. Adieu on the birthday, and may the worst of our days be all done and the best still coming. Thine evermore.”

On Feb. 14, 1854, Lady John Russell wrote thus to her sister, Lady Mary Abercromby: “I remember almost crying when you were twelve, because I thought it past the prime of life. What shall I do now that you are striking forty-three? I believe you have long ago made up your mind to the changing and fading and ending of all things here below, joys as well as sorrows, childhood, youth and age, hope and fear and doubt, and that you have learned to look forward rather than back.”



"Tuesday's my Washing-day."

*What hast thou that thou didst
not receive?—1 Cor. 4, 7.*

THAT question gives rise to others. What are the things that we have, and that we, therefore, have received? How many are they? and how great?

A few days ago a friend gave me a reading of an exercise written by a girl, who is what they call a half-timer in an Industrial School. It was headed "A Day's Work in School," and this is an exact copy of it.

"The first thing I got was mental arithmetic, and then I got sums. When that was done the teacher read us a story which we got to write. We all got out to play. When the whistle blew I came in again. I got reading and then I got spelling again. After that I got meanings. It was a quarter past twelve and then I got a sum before leaving school. When I was right I got out."

This little essay will strike different people in different ways, but some perhaps will notice most readily how

often the word *got* comes in—9 times in seventy-eight words.

In Sir James Murray's colossal *New English Dictionary*, whose latest volumes are still to come, the word that as yet has been treated at greatest length is *GO*. Thirty-six columns are devoted to it, each column has over a hundred-and-ten lines, and each line has on an average seven or eight words in it. That one article would take at least five hours to read. *PUT* comes next, then *GIVE* with twenty-five columns *COME* with twenty-three, and *GET* with twenty-two. These are great outstanding words in the Dictionary, because the actions they represent are the great outstanding actions of our lives. That is to say, our life is largely made up of *coming*, and *going*, *getting*, and *giving*.

In our early childhood people do everything for us. Everything that happens to us may be described as some form of getting, for the word *get* is like one of those handles that we see in boxes of tools; it can be narrowed or widened so as to fit instruments or implements of many different kinds and sizes. And that is one of the things that little girl had, perhaps unconsciously, dis-



covered. A sum to do is, in its own way, as much a gift from the teacher and from God as a meal to eat or an hour to play. All that happens is a mode of getting. Let us hope that that little girl and every other girl and boy, too, will take Solomon's advice, *With all thy getting get understanding.*

As we get older—how that word *get* gets into everything!—older and therefore by God's grace better, our life ought to become like His, a continual *giving*. But at the same time it never ceases, though we often forget this, to be a *continual getting*. Every thing we have that is worth having comes down from the Father of lights, with Whom can be no variation, neither shadow that is cast by turning. For the windows of heaven are always open, wide open, and God is pouring out a blessing, and such a blessing that there is not room enough to receive it. But we must make more room for it, like the widow in Elisha's day who had the pot of oil and was made heir to all the fulness of God. We must bring all the vessels we can lay our hands on, and God will give and give, and we shall get and get, till we refuse to take, and then, and only then, will the oil stay. You know that story? You may read it in the 4th chapter of 2 Kings.

And it will do us good to remember that all the things that have "stayed" like that oil, because people weren't ready to receive them, have been laid past by God—not destroyed—but laid past for the first comer that has faith and love enough to claim them. O what a

store of unclaimed goodness and mercy there must be at His right hand! What do you say to making a try for some of it?

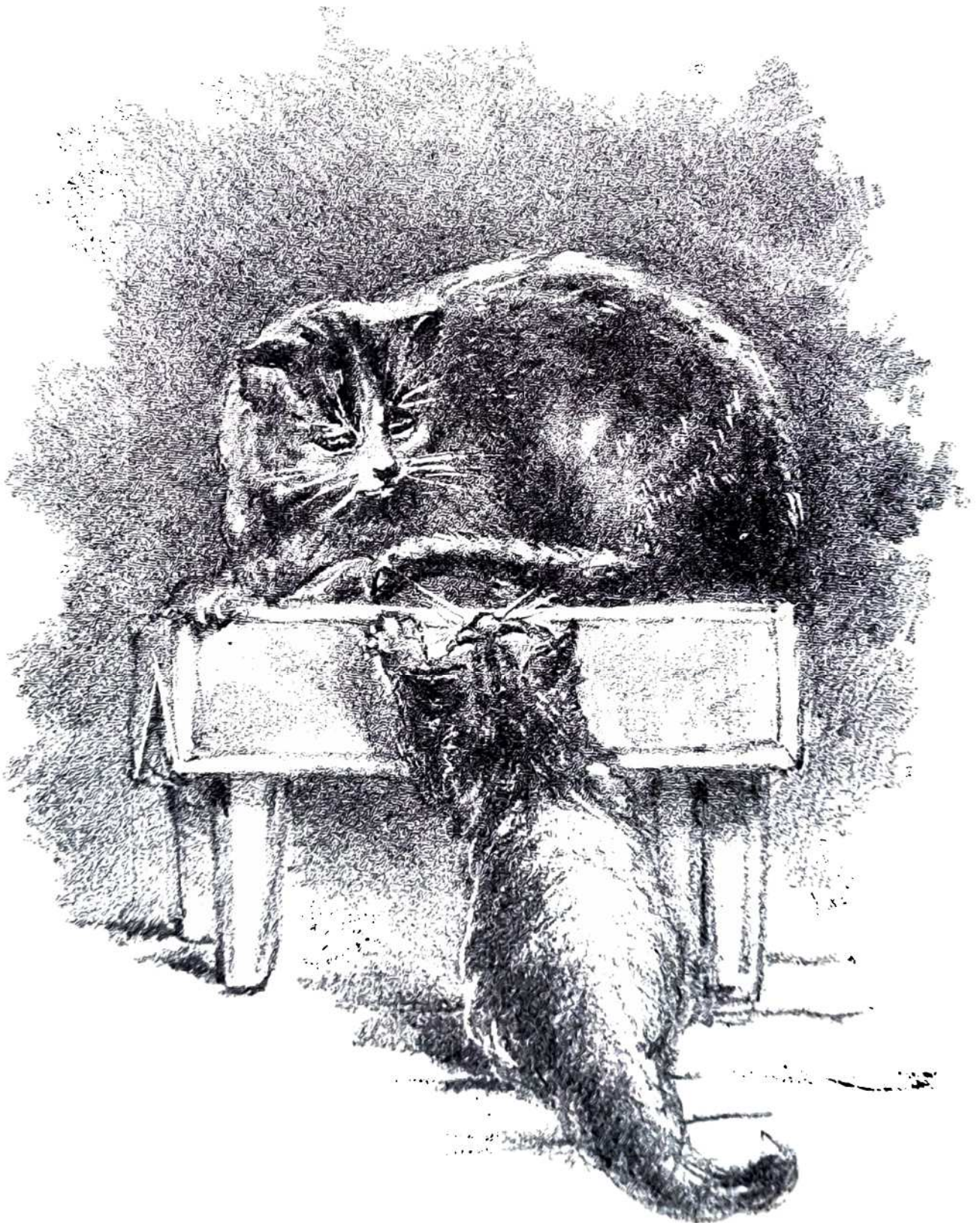


Shamgar and Cyrus.

CHAPTER I.

OLD Mrs. Craigieson had called her cat Shamgar because she wished to do honour to that Hebrew judge. She had a notion that the saints whose names and deeds and writings are given us in the Bible must hear how often they are spoken about on earth. She thought it possible that every Sabbath a list might be put up in heaven of all the texts that had been preached from on earth that day, and she wondered how Paul or John would feel when they met, for example, Zephaniah, after they had heard that tens of thousands of texts had been chosen, as usual, from their writings, while the figures of his list stood almost unaltered week after week. "I'll do my best to make up for the neglect of others," she would say, and so, while she read Paul and John and Isaiah too, she would often turn to a minor prophet as she would have done, had she been a great lady in a drawing-room, to a little noticed guest, "to give more abundant honour to that part which lacked."

Shamgar accordingly became one of her favourites. Many a sermon she had heard on Gideon and Barak and Samson and Jephthah, or many a reference at least made to them when time to say more had



failed the preacher, but never once, she would say, had she ever heard Shamgar even mentioned. Yet surely he was a right brave man, for in the days when the highways were unoccupied, and the few travellers there were were slinking through byways, and women drew water from the wells in fear and trembling because there might be archers lurking among the reeds hard by, Shamgar played the man. And when others would not fight, because they had neither shield nor spear nor sword nor bow, did not he take just what he had, and what lay to everybody's hand, and with nothing but an ox-goad, a common piece of wood with a nail fastened to its end, slay six hundred Philistines and deliver Israel?

CHAPTER 2.

One day when I called on her I was surprised to find Mrs. Craigieson looking "put about." She was angry at Shamgar! A friend had given her a lovely Persian kitten—you know the poet Southey's remark, that to be perfect a house should have a child rising three years and a kitten six weeks old?—and Shamgar had taken the huff through jealousy, just as if he had been an ordinary Christian man or woman. He would take no food, but sat sulking at the door, looking into the cold north wind with watery eyes, and he was ten years old, too, an age at which one is expected to have at least some sense. Cyrus, like his great namesake in his boyhood, was fond of sports and eager to make friends to

share his games, but Shamgar would have none of him and resented all approaches. In the evening, cold and hungry, he would come and sit on his little stool, "gazing at the fuffing lowe" but with a hard and unforgiving face. And then, all of a sudden, he would step down towards his sleeping enemy, and wrathfully slap him with his paw on the side of his head, and then resume his perch and his vindictive melancholy meditations.

"And to think," said Mrs. Craigieson plaintively, "he has attended family worship, and joined in the singing, too, night and morning these ten years!"

CHAPTER 3.

"Yes, she was going to Canada;" so she told me a few months afterwards. Her daughters and their husbands were urgent she should come to them, and though she loved the place she had lived in all her days, and feared the sea, she had made up her mind to go. Only, it had been after much prayer to God, for, if she knew her own heart—and that is never an easy thing to do—she had asked Him to guide her and make her path plain, and the way seemed to have opened up. And one of the things that had helped her not a little was the behaviour of her two cats, Shamgar and Cyrus, both to one another and to her. "They have become great friends," she said, "and vie with one another only in showing how fond they are of me, and one of them sits on my one shoulder and the other on the other—and Shamgar is getting pretty

heavy, for he is taking his porridge again—and they purr, and lick my cheeks and my ears. But what pleases me most is this, they are wonderfully happy and contented looking from morning to night, and don't you think that if I was going where God did not want me to go, He would send His Angel to block the way as He did to Balaam, and whether I saw the Angel or not, Shamgar and Cyrus would see him just as Balaam's Ass did, and they would show me by the state they were in that there was something wrong, some one placing himself in the way for an adversary against me? You believe that that story about Balaam and the Ass is true, don't you?"

"Most certainly I do, with all my heart."

"And you don't think I am guilty of heresy in saying what I have said? Can God not deliver me as He did Israel by the hand of Shamgar? and can He not anoint my little Cyrus with wisdom and stir up his spirit as He did to Cyrus the Persian long ago? Isn't there a passage somewhere that says that?"

"Ay, it's in Isaiah, 45th chapter: 'For Jacob My servant's sake, and Israel Mine elect, I have even called thee by thy name: I have surnamed thee though thou hast not known Me: that they may know from the rising of the sun, and from the west, that there is none beside Me: I am the Lord, and there is none else.'"

Reasons for not going to Church. 13th Series.—No. 10.

The people in the nearer of those two motors, who rented a house in the Highlands this summer, stayed away from church all July, August, and September, because the pew they were shown into the first and only time they went to it had not been properly dusted. And though they were respectfully told when they complained about it that the old church officer and his wife had been summoned by telegraph to Edinburgh, on Saturday morning, to see their son who was lying fatally injured in the Infirmary, they said that, though they were very sorry for the poor man, that was really no excuse; "the minister or the elders"—whom, by the way, they have alternately smothered and bespattered as they drove about all season—"or the precentor, or whoever it was that had charge of the fabric, should have been prepared for such an emergency, especially since everybody knows that the dust raised by the crowds of motor-cars and motor-cycles penetrates into every corner of every building that is at all near the high road."



1	S	He cried aloud, Shake off the leaves.— <i>Dan. 4, 14.</i> October . . . first summons to be grave Because rough Autumn's play turns earnest now. — <i>Browning's Red Cotton Night-Cap Country.</i>
2	M	The trees of the field are withered.— <i>Joel 1, 12.</i>
3	Tu	Ye know how to interpret the face of the earth.— <i>Luke 12, 56, R.V.</i>
4	W	How is it that ye know not how to interpret this time?
5	Th	Exhorting one another . . . as ye see the day approaching.— <i>Heb. 10, 25.</i>
6	F	Take ye heed : behold, I have foretold you all things.— <i>Mark 13, 23.</i>
7	S	Knowing that the putting off of my tabernacle cometh swiftly.— <i>2 Pet. 1, 14, R.V.</i>
8	S	The Lord's voice crieth, and the man of wisdom shall see Thy Name : hear ye the rod, and Who hath appointed it.— <i>Micah 6, 9.</i>
9	M	The Lord did call to weeping.
10	Tu	And behold, joy : let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we shall die.— <i>Is. 22, 13.</i> "The phrase by which a man from Cairo is known is, 'Mā ālēsh, It doesn't matter.'"— <i>Aspects of Islam, by Prof. D. B. Macdonald, Hartford, Conn., U.S.A.</i>
11	W	Ye that put far away the evil day.— <i>Amos 6, 3.</i>
12	Th	What is that proverb that ye have, The days are prolonged?
13	F	Say unto them, The days are at hand.— <i>Ezek. 12, 21-28.</i>
14	S	Ye that forsake the Lord, that prepare a table for Fortune, and fill up mingled wine unto Destiny.— <i>Is. 65, 11, R.V.</i>
15	S	I cry in the day-time, but Thou answerest not.— <i>Psa. 22, 2.</i>
16	M	Hath God forgotten to be gracious?— <i>Psa. 77, 9.</i>
17	Tu	But He answered her not a word.— <i>Matt. 15, 21-28.</i>
18	W	Then Jesus answered, O woman, great is thy faith.
19	Th	God is sometimes like Rhoda who "knew Peter's voice, and opened not the gate for gladness."— <i>Acts 12, 14.</i> He loves to hear us calling to Him.
20	F	But Peter continued knocking.— <i>v. 16.</i>
21	S	To him that knocketh it shall be opened.— <i>Matt. 7, 8.</i>
22	S	The priests stood firm in the midst of Jordan.— <i>Josh. 3, 17.</i>
23	M	Feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.— <i>Eph. 6, 15.</i>
24	Tu	He will keep the feet of his saints.— <i>1 Sam. 2, 9.</i>
25	W	Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder.— <i>Psa. 91, 13.</i>
26	Th	Thy shoes shall be iron and brass.— <i>Deut. 33, 25.</i>
27	F	Backslidings.— <i>Jer. 3, 22.</i> "It would be interesting to watch Mr. Blackwell try to play a round at golf without nails to the soles of his shoes. He could not keep his balance. The pressure he brings to bear on his feet is enormous."— <i>Mr. H. H. Hilton.</i>
28	S	When I said, My foot slippeth, Thy mercy held me up.— <i>Psa. 94, 18.</i>
29	S	Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments.— <i>Rev. 16, 15.</i>
30	M	The Angel said unto Peter, Gird thyself.— <i>Acts 12, 8.</i> "During the seven years after I was licensed to preach, when I was off the field and thought to be a dying man, I never slouched into a slovenly habit of dress."— <i>My Life, by Dr. Mair, Ex-Moderator of the E.C. Assembly.</i>
31	Tu	His name shall be called in Israel, The house of him that hath his shoe loosed.— <i>Deut. 25, 10.</i>

November, 1911.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXIV.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. II

A November Frolic.



The MORNING WATCH Volume for 1911 will be ready on the 20th November. Price, One Shilling.

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Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

Vols. XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX., XX., XXI., XXII., and XXIII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

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*Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.
Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.
London: The Sunday School Union, 57 & 59
Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

*Behold, a child shall be born, Josiah,
by name.—1 Kings 13, 2.*

THE name Josiah means Supported or Healed by Jehovah, or the man whom Jehovah supports or heals. And that name was chosen by God three hundred and thirty years before the child was born. The naming of a child is therefore a solemn thing, and one not to be lightly gone about.

A new book on Martin Luther has been written lately by an American scholar, a Doctor Preserved Smith, and the newspapers, naturally enough, have been poking fun at his name.

Yet if the name be given three syllables instead of two, and be pronounced Doctor Pre-ser-ved Smith, it not only almost ceases to be ridiculous, but even acquires a certain sonorous dignity.

One can understand how a man like Methuselah might have received that name when men spoke of his

969 years, or even when he passed poor Jared's record and entered on his 963—what a difference there is between being first and second, and seven years did it!—and one can understand how even a centenarian in our own time might claim to be called Preserved. But at first sight it does seem odd that such a name should be given to a baby at most a few weeks old. "Preserved from what?" and "preserved by whom?" are some of the questions that have been put.

To any one that knows his Bible, and especially his Psalms, the question is, in some ways, an easy one to answer. Even the youngest child is encompassed by danger; it needs continually the shelter of the shadow of God's wing. It may have been those common, daily, hourly mercies that Dr. Smith's parents had in view; it may have been deliverances such as we call special. Or they may have meant it for a prayer that his whole spirit and soul and body might be preserved blameless. Or they may have used the word in the assurance of faith, believing that their prayers were already answered, and that God would "preserve his going out, and his coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore."

But again, they may have been thinking chiefly of what God had done for themselves, just as Moses called the name of one son, Gershom, "for he said, I have been an alien in a strange land," and the name of the other Eliezer, "for the God of my father was mine help, and

delivered me from the sword of Pharaoh."

In any case Dr. Smith, one can see, is not ashamed either of his name or of the father and mother who gave him it. Why they gave it, it may not be right for him to tell us

now, but we shall know hereafter, when all God's books shall be opened and the secrets of all hearts made manifest, and every one of us, if we love God, will be permitted to tell all men the marvels of our lives, and the full story of all that He did for our souls.

Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 112.)

42nd
Birth-
day.

On April 28th, 1843, the Earl of Shaftesbury—then Lord Ashley—wrote thus in his *Diary*: "My birthday. I am this day forty-two years old, more than half my course is run, even supposing that I fulfil the age assigned by the Psalmist to fallen man." (He died in 1885, aged 84 years and 5 months). "'A short life, and a merry one,' says the sensualist's proverb; a long life and a useful one, would be more noble and more Scriptural; but it is spoken to the praise of Solomon, and by God Himself, that he had not asked a long life; neither then will I; but I do ask, for to this we have the warranty of the Holy Word, that the residue of my years be given to the advancement of the Lord's glory, and to the temporal and eternal welfare of the human race. Surely I may also pray to see, and even to reap, some fruit of my labours, to discern at least some probability of harvest, although to be gathered by other hands! The Factory Bill drags along—ten years have witnessed no amelioration—the plan for Education is defeated; the Opium effort is overthrown. On the Colliery Question alone have I had partial success, and even that is menaced by evil and selfish men."

On the 27th Feb., 1849, the poet Longfellow wrote in his *Diary*: "My birthday! Forty-two! But I have done with reflections on fixed and fated days." Yet, two years afterwards we find him writing: "My birthday. I am forty-four years old. Ponder upon that!"

43rd

To a Miss Agnes Graham who had promised to embroider something for his 43rd birthday, Aug. 28, 1876, Sir E. Burne-Jones the painter wrote: "What will you work for me? A little skull-cap of black velvet I need much, or a green shade for my eyes; I think of nothing but what is useful in old age, for all vanities are forbidden. Strips of flannel I think would be most useful, and might be embroidered with sayings of the wise."

44th

"31 Oct., 1664. I was this day 44 years of age, for which I returned thanks to Almighty God, begging His merciful protection for the year to come."—*John Evelyn's Diary*.

45th
Birth-
day.

On her 44th birthday Mrs. Carlyle said, writing to a friend : " July 15th, 1845 : How fast they come, these birthdays of mine ! and how little are they marked by any good done ! "

" St. Petersburg, 1 April, 1859. My dear Heart—How nice it is to be awakened on the morning of my birthday by the letter from you and the children ! For half-an-hour I managed to forget that 1500 miles lie between us."—*Bismarck's Love Letters*.

As long as a man is only forty-four, even if he be 44 years and 364 days—or in leap year 44 years and 365 days—old, he can still say with a certain measure of truth that he is nearer forty than fifty, though how a man can be near anything between which and himself there is a gulf impassable it is not easy to see. But the moment he turns forty-five the shadow of the half-century strikes and saddens him.

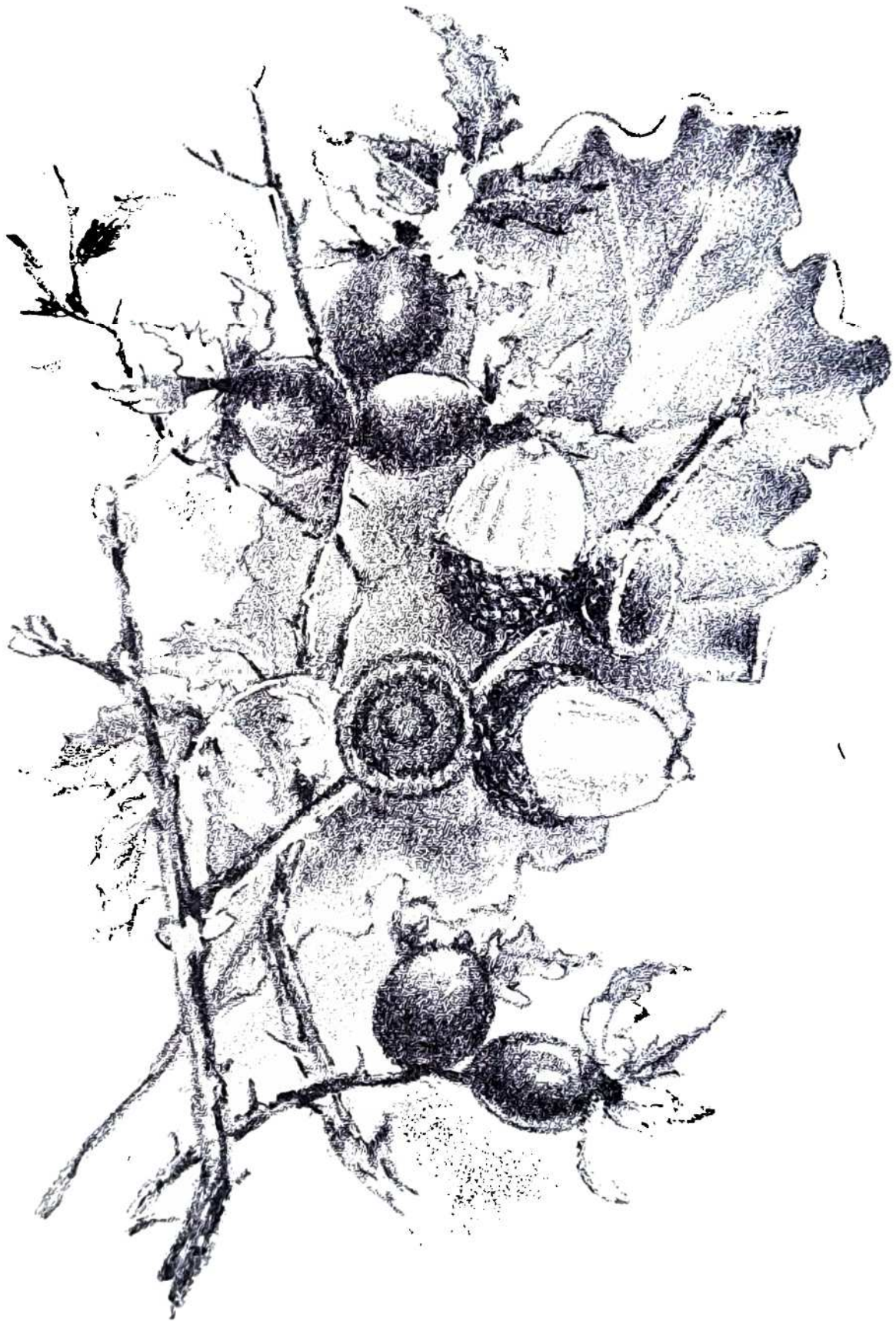
" 31 Oct., 1665. I was this day 45 years of age, wonderfully preserved, for which I blessed God for His infinite goodness towards me."—*John Evelyn's Diary*.

" 28 Oct., 1707. I am a wasting candle spared."—*Matthew Henry's Diary on his 45th birthday*.

" 27th Feb., 1852. The twenty-seventh, and by that same token I am forty-five years old. I told Charles so this morning, and he asked me if that were not near a century old."—*Longfellow's Diary*.

From the *Diary* of the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, an Evangelical Church of England Minister, well known in his time : " March 19, 1832. Through mercy I am brought to the close of my 46th year I ought on a birth-day, and when the pestilence is abroad, to look well into my own heart, and place myself in the situation of one on the verge of eternity. O my soul, suppose thou wert this night to enter the unseen world of spirits, and to appear naked and alone before thy God ! what is thy readiness for thy Lord ? I can only say, ' Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, O Lord ! ' I can only say, ' In the Lord is my righteousness and strength.' Blessed Jesus, my only hope is in Thee ; and I do now again, for time and for eternity, cast my immortal spirit on Thy grace and salvation, as my only refuge."

In 1856, Clara Wieck, the wife of Robert Schumann, the German musician, herself an accomplished player on the piano, gave her first concert in London. The servants of Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, the composer, her host, were told to pay special attention to a distinguished lady who was coming to stay with them, who was in great trouble. One of them long remembered being sent all over London to procure some Lilies of the Valley, which proved to be the last birthday souvenir sent to Schumann by his wife. He died in her arms in an asylum for the insane, seven weeks afterwards, in the forty-seventh year of his age.



*"In wintry woods, when leaves are dead,
And hedges beam with berries red."*

"But Broken Lights of Thee."

Love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.—1 John 4, 7.

CHAPTER 1.

WILLIE WEBSTER was never out of mischief. So his father and mother said, and as they belonged to what we call "the old school," they thrashed him soundly at least once every lawful day, and generally thrice on Saturdays and other holidays. Mrs. Woolridge their neighbour often protested against this, and would argue with them on the point.

"I grant you," she would say, "that Willie often makes mistakes, and he blunders very badly indeed, as he did last Tuesday when he loosened Nero's chain, but that's a very different thing from trying to do mischief. He thought the dog was hurting itself. Willie, like all of us when we come into the world, has everything to learn. You may be sure he won't make that mistake again. But I don't call that mischief. He wished to make the dog happy, and I think all the more of him for what he did. And believe me, Mrs. Webster, a mistake that is made in love will always, in the end, turn out well. And anything and everything that is done out of a pure and loving heart will get a blessing, for God Himself is love, and He is only too well pleased to see us trying to be like Him."

But Mrs. Webster couldn't see that, and still less could her husband, for he thought himself a great theologian and was, therefore, a

very ignorant man, and as for Mrs. Woolridge—why, she was English and what more need be said? Didn't the Bible say that a sin was a sin even if done unwittingly?

"But if there is love, even though it be no bigger than a grain of mustard seed, won't God have respect to the love?"

"The Bible says nothing about love like a mustard seed, Mrs. Woolridge, and you ought to know that."

"True, but it says it about faith, and aren't faith and love the same?"

CHAPTER 2.

There is no doubt Willie did things that were a little trying at times. Would you like to hear some of them? A garden is a fine place for the display of ignorance alike in word and deed. So much we owe to our first parents' eating of the tree of knowledge.

Mr. Webster had a garden, and Willie, hearing his father say one Friday evening in October that he hoped to finish his strawberry beds to-morrow—he was clearing out some rows of old useless plants—rose next morning as soon as it was light and set to work. When his father came home at breakfast time, Willie, he found, had dug up the six rows that had been planted the year before. And they were plants, too, from a famous Surrey garden, each plant warranted good, in its second year, for a pound weight of the loveliest berries one ever saw even in one's dreams! And further, in delving the border alongside the wall with the southern exposure, he

had pulled up and thrown into the burn ten useless-looking twigs, which he did not know were slips off black currant bushes, sent five weeks before, after long promise, by a friend a hundred and fifty miles away. Prize-winning berries from these bushes had actually been photographed for a florist's catalogue.

There was the water-barrel exploit, too. That took place at a farm to which he had gone for milk, and the time was the morning after a night of rain, the first rain that had fallen for six weeks. Willie had, as we say, a straight eye in his head, and seeing that the tap or stop-cock had been fixed in squint—and it was leaking, too—determined to put it right, and succeeded only in half-emptying the barrel. That he was drenched to the skin besides, and that a hen and its brood of seven were nearly drowned, were but minor considerations in the farmer's eyes in such a time of drought.

There was the day, too, in late autumn, when, hearing some one say there couldn't be a finer wind for drying things, he opened the big gate at the foot of Captain Edson's garden to give the wind free course. And the wind blew and blew all night, and when morning came the poor Captain found that the cart-loads of leaves he had been gathering for weeks to make leaf-mould had been swept clean off his premises and into a field belonging to a retired lawyer with whom he was not on speaking terms.

And there was the eight-day clock, too, that hadn't gone wrong

five minutes in a year as long as its history was known. And Willie, one Saturday, when his mother was unusually busy, bent on polishing the brass disc of the pendulum, unscrewed the nut that kept it in its place, and then in replacing it unhooked the pendulum. The fixing of it up again, and the dusting of the works, took up two precious hours at night, and made the household lose their weekly walk. Worse still, the clock has never been the same again, and now, like a creature of large discourse, looks both before and after, and goes fast and slow, rivalling in the uncertainty of its movements the most inconstant of the five clocks in the neighbouring town that get their inspiration from Greenwich once every day.

CHAPTER 3.

Not one of these mistakes, as one can see, was caused by love of mischief, or by aught else than a wish to do other people good. And being the result of love, some of them at least, as Mrs. Woodridge said, had soon a happy issue. I daresay all of them had that, if only one knew everything.

Here are two instances. Mr. Webster was happy in having a master who loved to call with his wife on the men whom he employed. "We ought to be one family," he used to say. Well, happening to stroll into Mr. Webster's garden a few days after Willie had pulled up the black-currant slips, he noticed the bareness of the wall, and said, "That's too good a place to leave empty. If you have nothing better

in your mind, would you let me send you a young Victoria plum? It should bear fruit in a year or two."

That plum-tree like charity will cover a multitude of sins.

And there was the clock achievement. Willie learned a good deal that night, though he got his whipping first. When, therefore, a month afterwards, Sir Humphry Balmain, K. C. M. G., from New Zealand, looked in at the public school, and offered, with the teacher's consent, a prize of five shillings to the boy or girl in the three highest standards who should within an hour write the best essay on one of these three subjects: "A Visit to the Exhibition," "The Thoughts of an Eight-day Clock," or "Whether would you be an Elephant or a Whale if you had the choice?" Willie took the second for his subject, though he was sorely tempted to try the third, and showed so much knowledge that Sir Richard was for withholding the prize from him till the teacher assured him that the boy's father was not a watchmaker, and that in writing his essay he had had no advantage over his fellow-competitors.

But it was another thing that happened that finally opened Mr. Webster's eyes to the truth of what his English neighbour had constantly affirmed—that love is love even though it makes mistakes and will in no wise lose its reward.

CHAPTER 4.

It was a bee that had strayed in through the open window one day, and had landed itself in difficulties.

In his eagerness to help it—for the bee resisted him, having no doubt heard from some bird of the air an evil report concerning him—Willie broke a little hand mirror of which his mother was very fond. It was a hundred-and-ten years old, and had such a lovely inlaid border that more than one grand lady had offered her a whole half-crown for it. It had been part of the fittings of an old dressing-case, and was worth guineas—and they knew that, though Mrs. Webster didn't till her son told her ten years afterward the price he saw marked on one similar to it in an antique-dealer's shop in Edinburgh.

Some months after it was broken, Mr. Webster was lying very ill of typhoid. It was the day of the crisis of his trouble. His wife had given up hope, and was sitting near his bed the image of despair. It was about half-past three in the afternoon, when suddenly the sun shone in at the window and fell on the broken looking-glass. How it was I am not mathematician enough to know, but the uneven surface broke up the light and made a double rainbow on the wall.

"Oh there's a rainbow over your head!" she cried out in her astonishment before she knew it.

And just at that moment her husband opened his eyes. "What o'clock is it?" he said. And from that hour he began to amend.

He told the story afterwards. He was lying in a boat, he thought, and was drifting, drifting, drifting down a river. And the sky looked oh, so black! And then he heard



some one say, "There's a rainbow, and it's half-past three!" And the old lines he had learnt at school came into his mind:

"A rainbow in the morning
Is a shepherd's warning;
But a rainbow at night
Is a shepherd's delight."

And that moment there seemed to come to him an access of hope and joy and strength.

"I'm thinking," he said to his wife, "that Mrs Woolridge is perhaps right after all. Willie couldn't help it when he broke the looking-glass, and he was really meaning well at the time. He was trying to help a poor bee, and though he didn't know it, he was helping his poor father instead, though I have often been both to you and him an ill-natured wasp. We must ask Mrs. Woolridge in to explain it all over again to us, for I fear she knows more theology than either of us after all. And she's English! and we're both Scotch!"

As if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him; or went into the house, and leaned his hand on the wall, and a serpent bit him.—Amos 5, 19.

IN the year 1799, the brig *Nancy*, being suspected of carrying illegal cargo, was captured on its way from Baltimore to Port-au-Prince, the capital of Hayti, in the West Indies, by H.M.S. *Sparrow*, and taken to Jamaica. There the case was tried at Kingston and was on the point of being dismissed for lack of evidence, when Lieut. Fitton of H.M.S. *Abergavenny* produced a bundle of papers which had been found in the stomach of a shark captured by his tender the *Ferret*. The papers, which had been thrown overboard by the *Nancy*'s captain, taken into consideration with other facts that were proved, led to the condemnation of the brig and her cargo. The jaws of that shark are now in the United Service Museum, Whitehall, London.

Reasons for not going to Church. 13th Series.—No. 11.

One of these women does not go to Church because one of the elders (whose wage is exactly the same as her husband's) refused to advance her £8 which she is owing her landlord. "That's what his religion amounts to!" she is saying.

And the other says: "And have you only found that out now? It's years and years since me and my man took his measure!" (Yes; five years this month since with much crying and tears they got the loan of £7 10/- from him, "to be paid without fail before the New Year." And she and her husband have carefully kept out of his way ever since).



1	W	Remember that thou magnify God's work, whereof men have sung.
2	TH	For He draweth up the drops of water,
3	F	Which distil in rain from His vapour.— <i>Job 26, 24-33.</i>
4	S	The fire causeth the waters to boil.— <i>Is. 64, 2.</i> "The particles of steam are as much smaller than a drop of water as an orange is smaller than the whole earth."— <i>The late Professor P. G. Tait of Edinburgh.</i>
5	S	He determined the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord,
6	M	If haply they might feel after Him, and find Him,
7	TU	Though He be not far from every one of us.— <i>Acts 17, 26.</i> "My mother turned in bed, and though it was dark I knew that she was holding out her arms."— <i>Margaret Ogilvie, by her Son, J. M. Barrie.</i>
8	W	I have spread out My hands all the day.— <i>Is. 65, 2.</i>
9	TH	I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love.
10	F	How shall I give thee up, Ephraim?— <i>Hos. 11, 4, 8.</i>
11	S	Thou hast beset me behind and before.— <i>Ps. 139, 5.</i>
12	S	Jeshurun (Israel) waxed fat, and kicked.— <i>Deut. 32, 15.</i>
13	M	Then he lightly esteemed the Rock of his salvation.
14	TU	. . . Lest I be full, and deny thee.— <i>Prov. 30, 9.</i>
15	W	Choked with riches and pleasures.— <i>Luke 8, 14.</i> "Once, when Admiral Sir Hyde Parker got £20,000 as prize-money, Nelson wrote—'Well, I'm glad you've got some prize-money, but I wish it had been only £10,000, because now I suppose you will get lazy and only want to be ashore and spend it.'"— <i>Sir E. H. Seymour: My Naval Career.</i>
16	TH	Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world.— <i>2 Tim. 4, 10.</i>
17	F	Riches kept by the owner thereof to his hurt.— <i>Eccles. 5, 13. R. V.</i>
18	S	The prosperity of fools shall destroy them.— <i>Prov. 1, 32.</i>
19	S	The Lord will not always chide.— <i>Ps. 103, 9.</i>
20	M	God upbraideth not.— <i>Jas. 1, 5.</i> After the attack on Vicksburg had succeeded, 4 July, 1864, General Grant generously handed back to Sherman the protest which at a Council of War Sherman had put in against the attack.— <i>Goldwin Smith's Reminiscences.</i>
21	TU	Having blotted out the bond that was against us:— <i>Col. 2, 14, R. V.</i>
22	W	And He hath taken it out of the way, nailing it to the cross.
23	TH	Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back.— <i>Is. 38, 17.</i>
24	F	I will not remember thy sins.— <i>Is. 43, 25.</i>
25	S	My sin is ever before me.— <i>Ps. 51, 3.</i>
26	S	Then spake the Lord's messenger in the Lord's message.— <i>Hag. 1, 13.</i>
27	M	We have this treasure in earthen vessels — <i>2 Cor. 4, 7.</i>
28	TU	The King said, Is there any word from the Lord?— <i>Jer. 37, 17.</i>
29	W	And Jeremiah said, There is. "A Mr. Serjeant, being once called to preach where the great Richard Baxter was expected, seeing some leave the church when he appeared in the pulpit, said, 'My friends, if you come to hear Mr. Baxter, you will be disappointed, for he is ill; but if you are come to hear the WORD OF GOD, I am come to preach it.'"— <i>Dr. Calamy's Nonconformists' Memorial.</i>
30	TH	That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men.— <i>1 Cor. 2, 5.</i>

December, 1911.

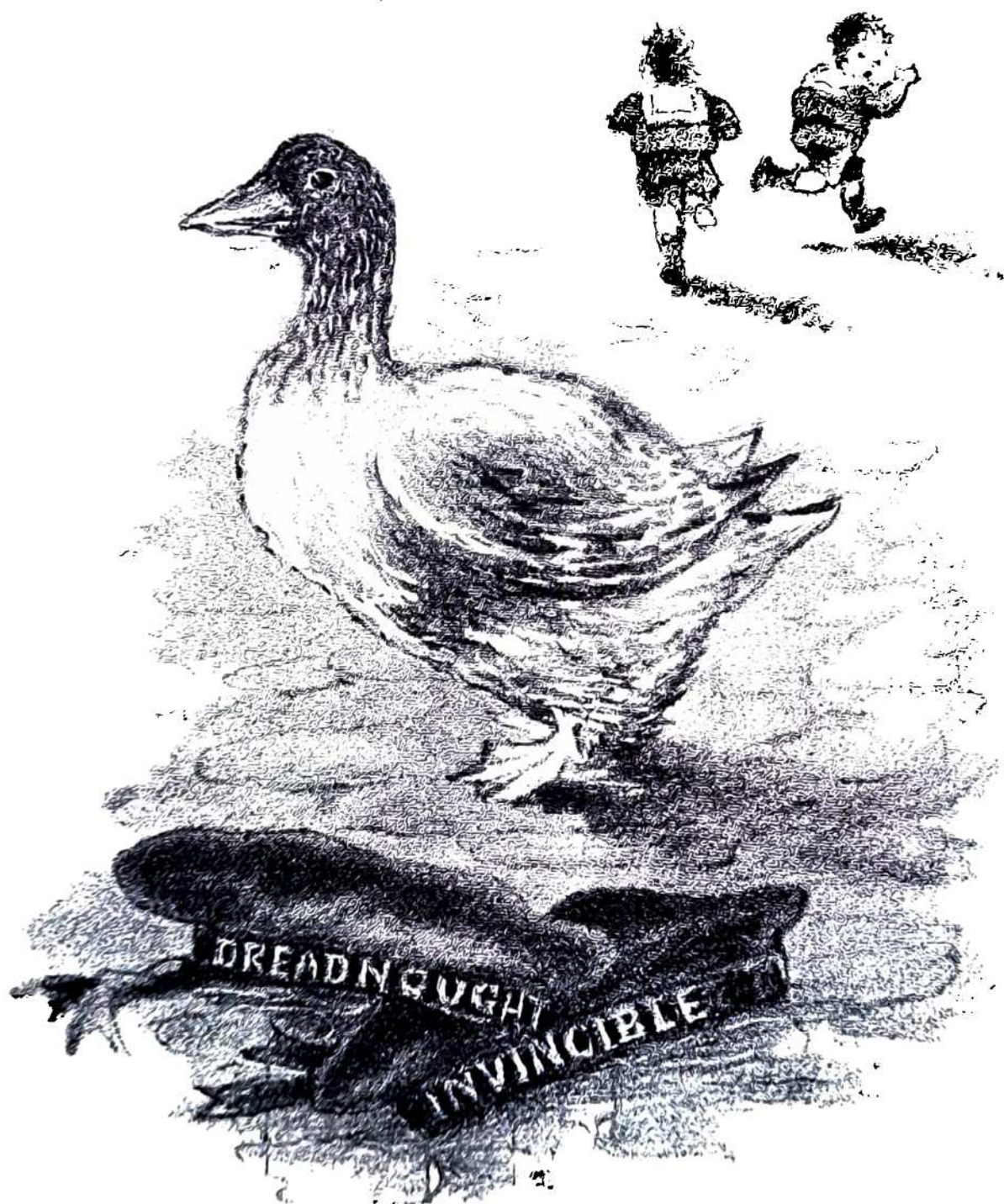
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The Morning Watch.

VOL. XXIV.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 12.



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"Unicus Anser Erat."

"An-only Gander was (theirs)."

ONCE upon a time, says an old heathen story, the gods Jupiter and Mercury came down to Phrygia in mortal guise. Hungry and weary they knocked at a thousand doors, and no one would let them in. But at length they came to a lowly thatched cottage where lived a poor old loving couple, Baucis and her husband Philemon, and these two took them in, and washed their feet, and gave them for food the best their little garden could provide. They had one Gander and no more, and it too they were prepared to give. But they were old and their limbs were stiff, and though they chased it long, they could not catch it. At last, the bird flew to the gods for protection, and flew not in vain. For their kindness to their unknown guests their cottage was changed into a temple, Philemon and Baucis were

made its guardians, and when at length they died—and they died on one day together even as they had asked—Philemon was changed into an oak and Baucis into a linden-tree.

That old story must have been known to the men of Lycaonia who said of Paul and Barnabas, "The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men."

On our way to church every Sabbath some of us pass a Goose, the gentle guardian of its master's dairy yard. I never see it without saying to myself, "*Unicus anser erat*," only, she being a lady, I ought to say *Unica*, but *Unica*, as some of you I hope will know some day, would not scan in that Latin verse. These boys in the picture, who have fled at sight of her, had no need to be afraid.

Two years ago last September, one week-day, a man and I met just as we were passing our Madame Goose. She was looking somewhat pensive. We both halted and smiled, and while I was thinking what suitable word to say, the man with a curious turn in his voice and glance in his eye, said, "*Chr-r-istmas!*" That was by no manner of means the thought that was in my mind, but it gave me food for reflexion.

"Threatened lives live long." Madame not only survived that December, but laid eight-and-twenty eggs in the year that followed—and right good ones, too, as I know through the kindness of her master—and she bids

fair to see this December also. She is only five years old, and as they say that geese live very long—I have known one that was over thirty, and have read of one that was eighty, and had to be killed at last because it was so mischievous—our friend may outlive not only the man who anticipated an early doom for her, but his children and

his children's children, even three generations.

We, too, like the goose, have enemies that would like "to make of us their prey." I hope that every one of us may be able to go on our way quietly, yet courageously, singing, "I shall not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord."

Concerning Birthdays.

(Continued from page 124.)

46th
Birth-
day.

John Huss, of Bohemia, the Protestant reformer and martyr, was burned to ashes at Constance on his 46th birthday, 6th July, 1415. It was he who was the chief means of handing on from John Wycliffe, who died in 1384, to Martin Luther the torch that kindled the Reformation. The great object of all his preaching and writing, to use his own words, was to turn men from sin.

He had come to Constance to have his case tried by a Council of Roman Catholic bishops, but was not allowed to speak in his own defence. When he was condemned he turned towards the Emperor Sigismund, who had given him a safe-conduct (that is, a promise of protection), and looking him in the face said, "You shall answer to God and to me within a hundred years." "Sigismund's blush" is remembered in history to this day. After the bishops had said, "Thy soul we deliver up to the devil," and Huss had answered, "And I commend it to the Lord Jesus," a paper cap three feet high was put on his head, with the word Heretic on it, and he was led forth to die. He died singing amongst the flames, "O Christ, have mercy upon me." When the fire had done its work, the ashes that were left, and the very soil on which they lay, were carefully removed and thrown into the Rhine.

"June 27, 1832.—My birthday. I do not know whether it is worth my while to record it, but it seems to me that both my body and my mind have undergone a change for the worse during the last year. . . I should hope that the period for declining intellect is not yet come, and yet I do feel something very like decay of the poor faculties which I think used to put me formerly something, but not much, above par. My memory is very much shattered, and I have not the same power of application which I used to possess. I think, however, that perhaps a reform of habits altogether might bring me back to a tolerable condition, though it would not restore me to the liveliness

46th
Birth-
day.

of twenty-five. I feel confident I shall not live much longer, so what I intend to do in this world I must do quickly."—*Lord Broughton's Recollections of a Long Life*.

"27th Feb., 1853. Forty-six years old. Finished Dante XXXI. In honour of my birthday baby appeared at dinner with a green wreath on her head, and a sprig of geranium in her hand, which she presented very gravely."—*Longfellow's Diary*.

"Tain, 17 Oct., 1862. Two days ago I completed the 46th year of my life—having been born in this house, and, I believe, in the room in which I now write, on the 15th Oct., 1816. I have shrunk almost from remembering or admitting to myself that I have attained such an age—considerably beyond the middle point of man's allotted term—and in my case, far exceeding the number of additional years I can with any probability expect to live."—*Autobiography of a Highland Minister (Rev. William Taylor)*.

47th

In 1876 François Coillard—a French Protestant missionary, known as Coillard of the Zambesi—and his wife Christina—a Scotchwoman, a Miss Mackintosh, born in Greenock, 28th November, 1829—were asked by their brother missionaries in South Africa to begin a new mission in a territory called Banyailand. The proposition fell on them like a thunderbolt. He was in ill health, and they had made all preparations for a visit to their friends in Europe. The expedition, they foresaw, would be one of danger and appalling responsibility. For several days he and his wife spoke little and slept less. "Our conflicts," he says, "were terrible, hers especially. We had the presentiment that God was calling us to a great sacrifice, and we said to Him weeping: 'Give us strength to accomplish it, if it be Thy will.' The thought of leading a wandering life full of perils and adventures, and leaving our station for so long, appalled us. However, we fixed a day for our final decision and redoubled the ardour of our prayers. We communicated our thoughts to no one. The evening of this very day, a friend who was staying with us, who was not in sympathy with the appeal that had been addressed to us, and had no idea that the moment had come for us to decide, read the 91st Psalm to us. Never had it seemed so beautiful. When, after marking the magnificent promises, which came so aptly one by one, he came to verse eleven, 'He shall give His angels charge over thee,' the climax was reached. My wife and I looked at each other, and understood. The moment we were alone, 'Well?' I said to her.

"'Well, with such an escort, we can go anywhere, even to the Zambesi.'

"'I think so too,' I said.

"We knelt down, our resolution was taken, peace and calm and joy returned to our hearts. No, we will not offer Thee that which costs us nothing. Here we are, Lord; do with us as Thou wilt."

The date of this entry in his journal was his wife's forty-seventh birthday, 28th November, 1876.

He died in Barotsiland, 28th October, 1891.



A Surprise Birthday Party.

GRANNIE ELLICE was supposed to be near ninety; some folks of a generous and lavish turn of mind even put her down as not far off the hundred. Our doctor, who was a little given to magnifying his exploits—like us all—and was ever claiming credit for “pulling us through” unprecedented difficulties, said he would give her eighty-eight. When therefore our old friend, thinking herself dying, in the summer of 1867, confided to him that she would be fourscore years old come the last day of November, and proved it from her father’s Family Bible, the Doctor said, “Just what I knew all along,” and rose higher than ever in our estimation, and even those of us who had said Mrs. Ellice could not be much more than seventy-eight or seventy-nine, exclaimed “Isn’t it fearsome what that man knows?”

At eighty the sands of life are running out very fast, and an eightieth birthday is not a thing to be proud of. Nor indeed is any birthday. At least that was the way Grannie Ellice looked at things, and so did most of us. One of the villagers who had spent a year in England kept us in constant wonder—it was too serious a feeling to be called amusement—at the stories he told us of birthday feasts and presents. To call people together to be glad with us that we were a year older seemed as ridiculous as if the woman in the parable, who had ten pieces of silver, had called her neighbours together, and

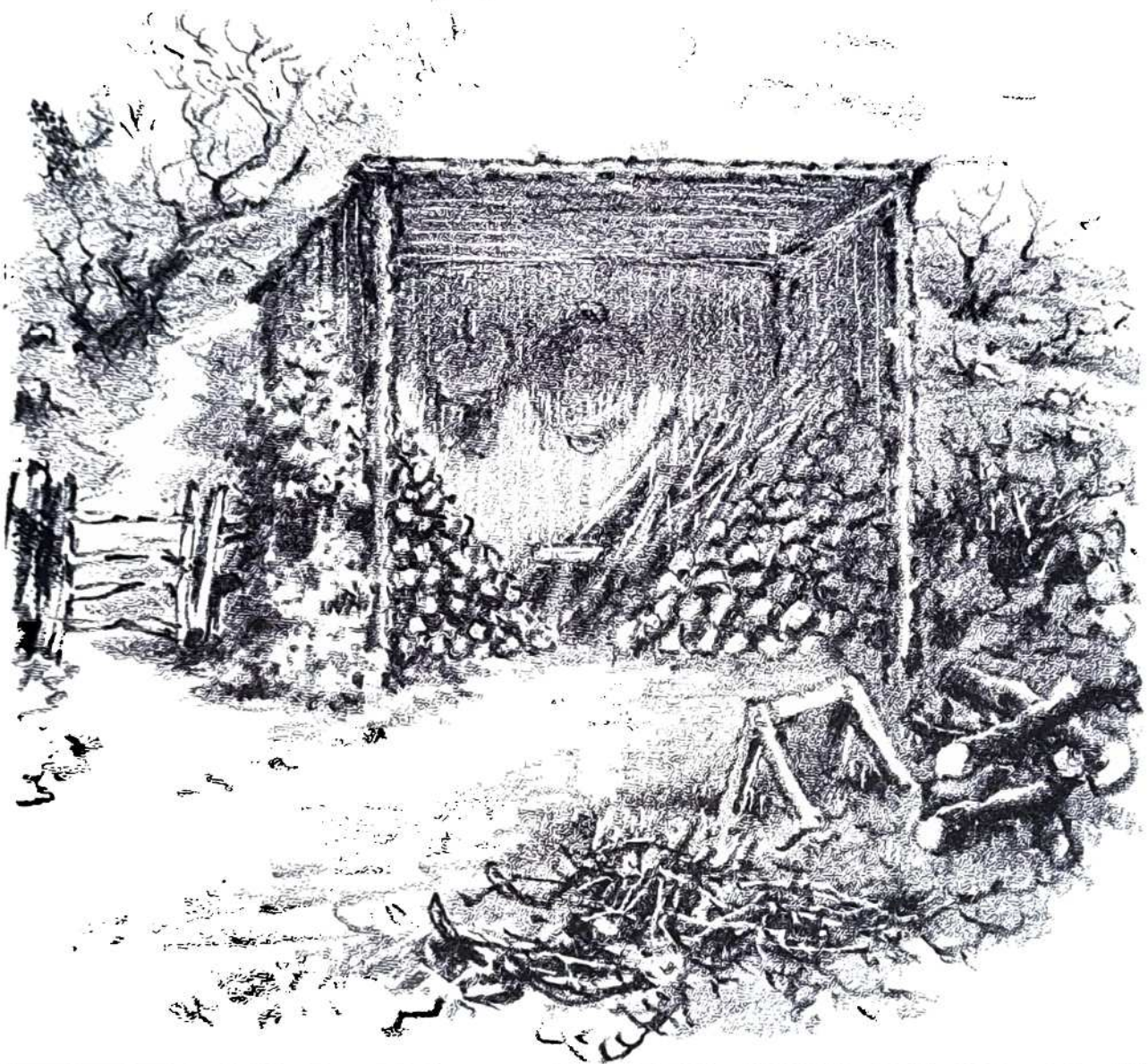
had said, “Rejoice with me, for I have lost nine of them.”

One boy in our neighbourhood who had been carried off his feet by those stories of English feasting, venturing to ask his mother for something special on his arriving at the close of his tenth year, so evidently angered as well as annoyed her, that when she asked him what he wanted, he lost courage, and instead of the plum-pudding he had set his heart on, humbly asked that he and his little sister might have an egg divided between them, and after all narrowly escaped a thrashing for his presumption.

CHAPTER 2.

Mrs. Ellice’s only complaints—but complaints is the wrong word, for she never complained—her only ailments were cold feet and sleepless nights. When therefore Mrs. Dunmore said that a pair of what are now called bed-socks would be a fine present for the old body, and her neighbours, who hadn’t heard of such a thing before, said they would each give half-a-cut of wool if she would knit the things, we all felt we were in for the worthy celebration of a great occasion.

A little distance up the brae behind Mrs. Ellice’s cottage there was the end, or the beginning—it all depends on which way you look at it—of a plantation nearly a mile long. There had been a big storm the winter before, and many of the trees that had been overturned were still lying as they fell. The villagers were not allowed to enter the wood, every penny that could be raised from falling timber or rising rents



being needed to help to pay the debts incurred by the young Captain, the proprietor, who had gone in strongly for horse-racing and other forms of gambling. But an exception was made by the Manager of the Woods, that is the head forester, on behalf of Mrs. Ellice, who had word sent her that she might take as much as she chose, or as she could get others to gather for her, but that any attempt on the part of the neighbours to help themselves on the pretence of helping her would meet with

instant condign punishment. And that word condign did frighten us, I can tell you !

After the suggestion about the socks had filled the air with great thoughts, Jamie Balsillie, the ploughman, had an idea. He would cut up some of the useless trees and make a few blocks of wood for Grannie's fire. She could put one on at night when she went to bed, and the glow and glimmer of it on the walls and roof of her kitchen would be fine company for

her for two or three hours in the long dark nights. He meant at first to make only twenty or thirty, enough to do her for three or four weeks, but kind thoughts and great ideas have a way of introducing others, and Jamie's thirty rose to fifty. Then fifty suggested sixty, and sixty proposed eighty, one for every year of her life. That almost seemed to be the pre-ordained limit, but a hundred peered over his mental horizon. Then, once the hundred was reached, Jamie felt that with a hundred of anything a few extra were always given; and so the hundred gained other ten, and the hundred and ten hinted that a few more would mean a little log of wood for each night till the end of March, and that made them a hundred-and-twenty-five, and as another night's work would make the number 153, like the great haul of fishes Peter got from our Lord when He appeared by the Sea of Galilee, the hundred-and-fifty-third was duly made. But as little Kenneth Ord and Magsie Grey, who counted them twice over, differed in their numbering, Jamie said, "I'll do half-a-dozen more, and that will avoid all mistakes."

CHAPTER 3.

These were great nights in the wood for the children, and when Jamie told them, as he did more than once, that but for the way they managed the lantern and helped him with the logs, he never could have attempted even the half of what he had done, they were more than repaid. And they learned lots

of things, too, specially Kenneth, for he found out how to sharpen a saw—ask your fathers to tell you that secret!—and he discovered the power there is in a wedge, and was amazed to find that a wedge and an axe and a knife all belong to the same order of being.

CHAPTER 4.

Meanwhile the blocks were lying in the wood where Grannie could not see them. There was a little wooden shed at the foot of her garden, quite empty, and into it Jamie and the children were to carry the blocks on the Friday night. But there were still ideas in the air! Kenneth bethought him he might try to cut a log or two, but alas! the saw was too big and the log gripped it. But another idea struck Magsie. Jenny Dunmore's mother had a smaller saw and there were lots of thinner branches, from 2 to 3 inches thick—what if Kenneth tried them? No sooner said than done. It was only the Tuesday, still four nights to go. After their lessons were done, each night the three sallied out. The two girls searched out the branches, and Kenneth cut them as they leaned over the tressel. And still he found out new things, as for example, that by cutting them only half-way, or, when they were thicker, three-quarters through, Magsie could finish them with a blow from the coal hammer, and that saved both his strength and the saw's. He found out, too, the little rascal! that by sawing short branches he got the extra one at the end all the quicker. Some of you, perhaps, will have to think that out!



By Friday night they had got 200 done. Then Jenny, who had been meditating a lot, produced her slate, and this is what was on it:—

<i>November,</i>	4 ;
<i>December,</i>	31 ;
<i>January,</i>	31 ;
<i>February,</i>	28 ;
<i>March,</i>	31 ;
<hr/>	
<i>Total,</i>	125.

And then she said, "If we could do other 175 to-morrow, that would make 375, three for every day till April comes!" Then Magsie clapped her hands, and poor Kenneth felt bound in honour to attempt the task, it being, he knew, a man's work to carry out the great ideas that a woman devises.

CHAPTER 5.

Oh but that Saturday was a high

day! Not only was the tale of 375 small logs complete by early in the afternoon, but they and the big ones too were all quietly stowed in two heaps in the shed. The stowing of the last little lot was the best ploy of all. For Kenneth, who had been reading about Robinson Crusoe some weeks before, made a raft of branches, and getting Magsie and Jenny on to it with the last logs steered them through imaginary breakers with almost superhuman skill, and fell at last exhausted on the beach. But they soon revived, and finishing their task wondered how the day was fittingly to end.

CHAPTER 6.

It was near four o'clock when Mrs. Dunmore and Jamie Balsillie, who had still some hours' work before him on the farm, looked in at Mrs. Ellice's and asked her if she knew what had happened to her shed.

"Has it given way?"

"Not exactly, but it isn't looking the same, somehow."

So up she went to see it, wondering what was wrong, and though Kenneth and Magsie and Jenny live other thirty years yet, they will never forget the look of joy and amazement they saw on poor old Grannie's face. They were hiding behind the side of the shed, peering through holes that Jamie had cut, and they saw her though she didn't see them. Jamie meant to introduce them formally, but when the girls saw the tears in Grannie's eyes, they began to cry, too, and

there was nothing left for them but to run out and kiss and hug her.

CHAPTER 7.

It was twenty minutes before Mrs. Ellice could tear herself away from the shed, though, as she kept saying, it didn't look like her shed at all. Nor did her house look like hers when they all got back to it, for Mrs. Balsillie had prepared what the Americans claim to have invented long years after—a surprise tea! There was the table spread and beautifully laid, with cups and saucers and plates, and the kettle boiling on the fire, and the tea-pot ready—the tea in it taken from a quarter-pound packet specially ordered at four shillings the pound—and chairs set for Grannie, and Mrs. Dunmore, and the three little woodcutters.

Then a little after, they all sat down, and when Grannie with trembling voice had asked a blessing, Mrs. Balsillie, who said she was to be the waitress that day, disappeared for a few minutes, but only to return with an enormous currant dumpling! "And they began to be merry!"

CHAPTER 8.

But there is always something, as we say in our unbelief, to damp our joy. And so it was here. For in the middle of the feast didn't Jenny Dunmore remember that 1868 was a leap year, and they had forgotten to make provision for "February, twenty-nine!"

But they made up for it, and more than made up for it, several times, as the days of that winter went cheerily by.



Reasons for not going to Church. 13th Series.—No. 12.

This young man, who came to our neighbourhood two months ago, is not going to Church because he doesn't know anybody. He has joined the Golf Club, however, and, although this is his fourteenth solitary round, he says cheerily, "I'll get to know some of the fellows by-and-by." Isn't he nicely trapped!

1	F	Set thine house in order.— <i>1 Kings 20, 1</i> . "One of his staff once asked Gen. Lee, Confederate commander-in-chief in the American Civil War, for some document. Lee said to him later on, 'Did you find it?' 'Yes, General.' 'Did you return it to the place where you found it?' 'Yes, General.'"— <i>Atlantic Monthly for October</i> .
2	S	For God is not a God of confusion.— <i>1 Cor. 14, 33. R.V.</i>
3	S	Until this very day at the reading the veil remaineth unlifted ;
4	M	Which veil is done away in Christ.— <i>2 Cor. 3, 14. R.V.</i>
5	TU	Woe unto you ! for ye took away the key of knowledge :
6	W	Ye entered not in yourselves. "Every digger who turns over an ancient site without finding what is in it destroys great part of what he should have found."— <i>D. G. Hogarth's Accidents of an Antiquary's Life</i> .
7	TH	And them that were entering in ye hindered.— <i>Luke 11, 52. R.V.</i>
8	F	My sheep drink that which ye have fouled with your feet.— <i>Ezek. 34, 19.</i>
9	S	The Spirit of truth will guide you into all truth.— <i>John 16, 13.</i>
10	S	The Lord's compassions fail not.— <i>Lam. 3, 23.</i>
11	M	They are new every morning. "1. Then my life has perpetual originality. 2. Then I have been deficient in thankfulness. 3. Then my soul should be the shrine of hope."—"In the Secret Place," by Dr. Smellie of Carlisle.
12	TU	I slept ; I awaked ; for the Lord sustaineth me.— <i>Ps. 3, 5. R.V..</i>
13	W	Thou hast prepared the light and the sun.— <i>Ps. 74, 16.</i>
14	TH	They saw a fire of coals, and fish laid thereon, and bread.— <i>John 21, 9.</i>
15	F	Jesus saith unto them, Come and break your fast.— <i>v. 12. R.V.</i>
16	S	So when they had broken their fast, Jesus saith unto Simon the third time, Lovest thou Me? . . . Follow Me.— <i>vv. 15, 17, 19.</i>
17	S	Set your mind on the things that are above.— <i>Col. 3, 2. R.V.</i>
18	M	I am a sojourner, as all my fathers were.— <i>Ps. 39, 12.</i>
19	TU	Here have we no continuing city. <i>Heb. 13, 14.</i>
20	W	The time of my departure is at hand.— <i>2 Tim. 4, 6.</i> "I am at single anchor." — <i>Lord Cranbrook's Diary: 30th Oct., 1890.</i>
21	TH	There is but a step between me and death,— <i>1 Sam. 20, 3.</i>
22	F	They desire a better country, that is, an heavenly :
23	S	For God hath prepared for them a city.— <i>Heb. 11, 16.</i>
24	S	Come thou with us, and we will do thee good.— <i>Numb. 10, 29.</i>
25	M	The firmament sheweth His handywork.— <i>Ps. 19, 1.</i>
26	TU	Under His feet as it were a paved work of sapphire stone.— <i>Ex. 24, 10. R.V.</i>
27	W	I will declare Thy greatness.— <i>Ps. 145, 6.</i> "One evening at Brantwood one of Mr. Ruskin's maids came in and said, 'Please, sir, there is a beautiful sky just now.' He rose from his chair and said, 'Thank you, Kate, for telling us.' 'Yes,' he said, after leaving the room and returning, 'it is worth seeing,' and led the way upstairs."— <i>The Life of Ruskin: E. T. Cook.</i>
28	TH	The heaven, and the heaven of heavens, is the Lord's.— <i>Deut. 10, 14.</i>
29	F	Stephen, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up stedfastly into heaven,
30	S	And saw Jesus standing on the right hand of God.— <i>Acts 7, 55.</i>
31	S	3 was in the Spirit on the Lord's day.— <i>Rev. 1, 10.</i>